

THE STAR ABOVE ALL!

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No. 37087

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1958.

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RELAX IN **DAKS**
THE FAMOUS COMFORT
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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Shek Pik

THE news that the proposed reservoir at Shek Pik in Lantau is considered by the investigating engineers to be a practical proposition will be received with widespread relief and welcome, tempered perhaps by the knowledge that this difficult and imaginative scheme will still not solve the Colony's water problems for all time. Yet the disclosure that Government hopes to start work on the project as soon as possible is evidence of its determination to press on with all speed with its plans to give the Colony the water it needs.

Leapfrogging demands are indeed forcing our planners to look beyond Shek Pik, but for the immediate future the new reservoir takes into account the needs of our rapidly increasing population and industrial development. It also promises to make the island independent of the present mainland water supply and it is also likely that the peninsula will benefit from this new source of water as well.

Keeping Pace

SHEK Pik's capacity will be roughly the same as Tai Lam Chung—or about 4,600 million gallons. Including Tai Lam Chung, the Colony's reservoirs at present have a total capacity of 10.5 thousand million gallons. Thus Shek Pik will increase this supply almost by half. The Colony cannot expect to benefit from this project until well into the 1960s—Tai Lam Chung roughly five years to build. And by this time the new water will be urgently needed.

Government's task therefore seems to be to keep pace with demand until perhaps by some miraculous feat of engineering, means may be found of giving the Colony unlimited water. This prospect, however, seems remote, and the Colony must be meanwhile content with the policy that aims at providing the maximum reservoir capacity for the summer rain and run-off, to avoid shortfalls in the dry winter months.

CHINESE GENERAL'S SON GOES TO GAOL

New York, June 27. Unemployed engineer, Shim S. Long, son of a Chinese general and former warlord who went over to the Communist side, today chose to go to prison rather than be deported from the United States.

Long, who is 28, was sentenced to 205 days in prison for failure to pay the fines of 41 traffic violations accumulated since 1954.

Although Long, who says he has a visitor visa from the Belgian authorities, claims to have tried everything to have himself deported, without success, the immigration authorities said that instead, he had acted legally so as to avoid deportation.

In fact, when the judge in Long's unusual traffic case gave him a choice between deportation and prison, today Long chose the prison.

Traffic violations are a habit with the young engineer. In 1954, the earliest date of the present list of infractions, Long paid \$635 in fines for the 53 violations he had scored up to that time.—France-Press.

Gainsborough For 21,000 Guineas

London, June 27. A painting by Gainsborough of William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, belonging to Lord Waldegrave, was sold at Christie's today for 21,000 guineas to an unknown buyer. There had been rumours that the purchaser was the Queen, who visited the auction rooms privately two days ago, but the buyer's representative announced that he only bought the picture to prevent it leaving the United Kingdom.—France-Press.

LANCASHIRE TEXTILE INDUSTRY FEARS SPUN RAYON IMPORTS 'NEW THREAT' FROM HONGKONG

Association Told 'We Can No Longer Stand And Cheer'

Manchester, June 27.

News of a new threat to the Lancashire textile industry was given by Mr Stanley Mason, the new chairman of the Rayon Weaving Association, to the annual meeting today.

Hongkong was turning to the production of spun rayon, and over a million and a half yards had been imported for processing and re-export during the last six months at prices which made it only a matter of time before those fabrics were imported for use in the home market, if nothing was done to stop it.

Serious Floods In Southern England

London, June 27. Serious floods have struck parts of southern England after 14 hours of uninterrupted rain.

At Haverhill, Suffolk, 40 people were trapped in the upper storeys of their houses after the river Stour overflowed its banks and flooded the streets of the town.

Several areas of the countryside were under water. In Hertfordshire, farmers were called to come to the aid of car drivers, and the occupants of cottages, cut off by the flood.

Road and rail services were interrupted and many children were unable to get to school. Serious damage has already been caused in southeast coast towns and several London suburban bus services have had to be cancelled.—France-Press.

In addition it should not be forgotten that the growing production of Japanese synthetic fibres would eventually become available to Hongkong manufacturers.

Mr Mason said the Association, which represents nearly 300 rayon weaving firms, could no longer stand on the sidelines and cheer its cotton colleagues in their struggle with the Government.

Failure

Mr W. I. Winterbottom, Chairman of the Fine Spinning and Doublers Limited of Manchester, said that the Government's failure to clarify its policy about the cotton industry's future was a serious obstacle to keeping up the industry's confidence in the Government's intentions.

If the Government's idea, he said in a statement, to share out the Federation of Hongkong and Shanghai's business to let the industry decline to a level incapable of supplying more than a small part of the home market, or even to de-industrialise Lancashire altogether to the benefit of other members of the Commonwealth, it was clearly imprudent to spend large sums of money in re-equipment and modernisation of mills in this country.—Reuter.

British Diplomat Was Carrying Czech In Boot Of Car

But Foreign Office Says He Was Framed

London, June 27.

The Foreign Office admitted tonight that Eric Paga Bedford, second secretary at the British Embassy in Prague, had tried to help a Czech citizen to cross the frontier into Germany.

A statement published by the Foreign Office said that Bedford had acted without informing his superiors.

It added that Bedford had been the victim of a "deliberate frame-up" on the part of the Czech authorities and that following the incident, he had resigned from the Foreign Office.

"It is clear that this was a deliberate frame-up on the part of the Czech authorities. There can otherwise be no explanation of the fact that when Mr Bedford's car was stopped at the frontier post, the man (Mr Bedford) who was concealed in the boot, immediately made loud noises designed to attract attention.

"When he was discovered by the Czech frontier guards, he showed no sign of fright or distress.

"Mr Bedford has throughout denied that he undertook this operation for money as the Czech authorities allege.—France-Press.

BIG PURGE REPORTED IN SATELLITES: 50 GO

By FRANZ CYRUS

Vienna, June 27.

At least 50 high ranking Communist Party functionaries in the Kremlin's Eastern European satellite empire were ousted from their jobs recently in what experts described today as a major purge of Marshal Tito's sympathisers.

The sources said that the purges were carried out shortly before and after the visit of the Soviet Premier Khrushchev to Communist Bulgaria.

Official announcements of the purges were made in Communist Bulgaria and Rumania while the personnel changes in Czechoslovakia were made public by the regime as "new elections" to the party apparatus during last week's Communist Party Congress.

Army general Peter Pentchev, Politbureau Member and Defence Minister, and Vulko Tchevrenkov, Minister of Education and Culture.

Opposition

Khrushchev made his unexpected trip to Bulgaria as the result of an alarming report that Moscow's new sharp turn against Yugoslavia had met strong opposition within the Bulgarian party.

Experts said, it is difficult to analyse the personnel changes in the Czech Communist Party, because the time of the purges cannot be determined exactly.

The heavy turnover, they said, indicated that even in the Kremlin's most faithful satellite Communist party—Czechoslovakia—the need of a major change of personnel has emerged, most probably as a result of some opposition against the orthodox Stalinist Czech Communist Party policy. The most prominent central committee members ousted were former Czech Army Chief of Staff Lt.-Gen. Václav Kratochvíl and former Chief Army Political Officer Major-General Jan Zeman.—U.P.I.

Second Purge

Today Bucharest Radio announced the second wave of leading party functionaries within two weeks.

It said that Constantine Ducea and Iacob Cotoveanu, both Central Committee members, were dropped and expelled from the Party.

Two weeks ago, prominent Rumanian party functionary Lyuba Chisnavevski was eliminated from her post as deputy chairman of the Party Control Commission.

In Bulgaria, after Khrushchev's visit, the following party officials lost their jobs:

Makarios Piqued

Athens, June 27.

Archbishop Makarios today withdrew his representative from the Lambeth Conference opening next month following critical references to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Fisher described Archbishop Makarios as "a bad character" in a television interview on Wednesday night.—Reuter.

'Bloodshed Will Continue'

United Nations, June 27. Dr. Bela Fabian, Chairman of the Federation of Hungarian Former Political Prisoners, said today that unless the

Rebel Claim In Lebanon

Beirut, June 27.

There was more heavy firing for one hour before sunset in Central Beirut tonight. There was a lull at sunset, but occasional single shots could still be heard.

Lebanese insurgents claimed tonight to hold three-quarters of the country and command the support of three-quarters of the people.

The claim was made by the National Union Front, the political organisation behind the insurrection.

Mr Fuad Ammoun, formerly director of the Lebanese Foreign Ministry, told a press conference: "Six of the country's eight political parties are against the present regime. So are all the former Prime Ministers, all the former speakers of parliament, all the religious leaders."—Reuter.

FIGHT OVER A SHILLING: MAN GAOLED FOR 3 YEARS

London, June 27.

A 39-year-old engineer was gaOLED for three years today for the manslaughter of a fellow lodger who was killed in a fight over who should put a shilling in an electric light meter.

A jury at the Old Bailey Central Criminal Court found Joekine Gerard de Souza not guilty of murdering Blasco Walter Haynes with a steel rod but guilty of manslaughter.

In evidence today de Souza said he quarrelled with Haynes in a public house on April 18. De Souza went home and was about to put a shilling in the meter when Haynes entered his room.

The argument began again and they started fighting in the dark.

"The fighting moved into Haynes' room and we both fell on the floor," de Souza said. "Haynes picked up a rod and caught me on the arm. I twisted his wrist and got the rod from him."

"I struck him three or four times with it. Haynes sat down and called out, 'Oh my head.' I thought I had just hurt him and went back to my room."—China Mail Special.

Nagy Execution A SILENT PROTEST REPORTED

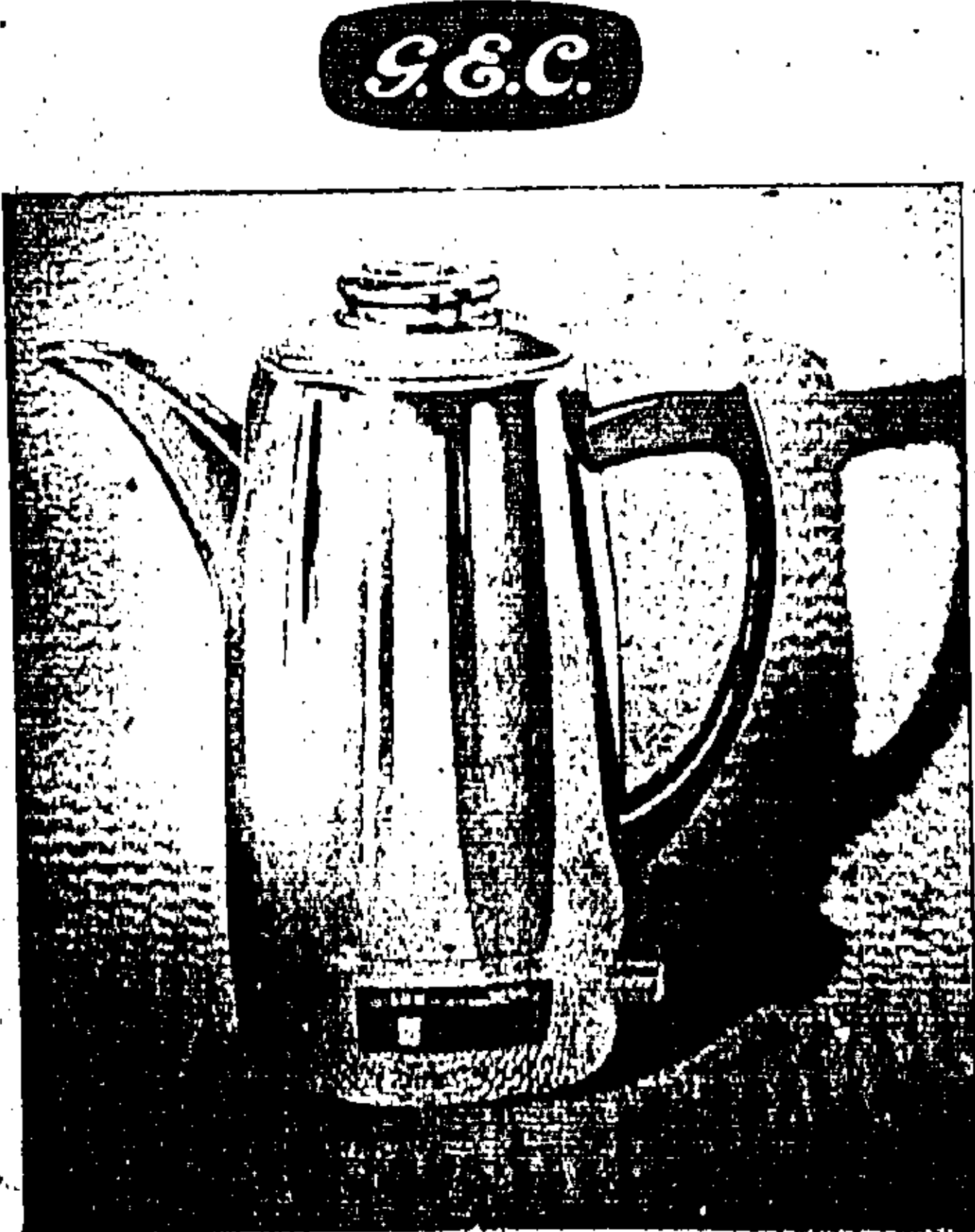
Vienna, June 27.

The Hungarian language newspaper Magyar Híradó published in Vienna reported today that a silent demonstration of protest was staged in a square in the centre of Szeged, south Hungary, following the execution of Imre Nagy.

The newspaper said people began arriving independently in the square wearing black armbands last Saturday. More and more arrived until there were about 1,200 people there. But without taking any notice of each other.

Later police arrived and most of the demonstrators dispersed or took off their black armbands. In the afternoon, the secret police arrested people believed to have organised the silent demonstration of grief at the executions.

About 80 people in danger of arrest were taken over the frontier into Yugoslavia in two lorries provided by the workers of the town of Szeged. The frontier guards did not stop them, the newspaper reported.—China Mail Special.



This new coffee percolator by G.E.C. has been chosen by the Society of Industrial Artists to represent outstanding British design in a special exhibition of International Industrial Design, at this year's Foire de Paris. The 600W chromium-plated coffee percolator is a 1½-gallon capacity with high and low heat control also giving protection against boiling dry.

EUROPE

Fly to

ROME **DUSSELDORF**

GENEVA **PARIS**

* Flight every Sunday & Wednesday.

* SUPER-G CONSTELLATION Speed & Radar Control.

* Choice of First & Tourist class.

* Every First class seat a SLUMBERETTE.

AIR-INDIA

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S DRY SACK

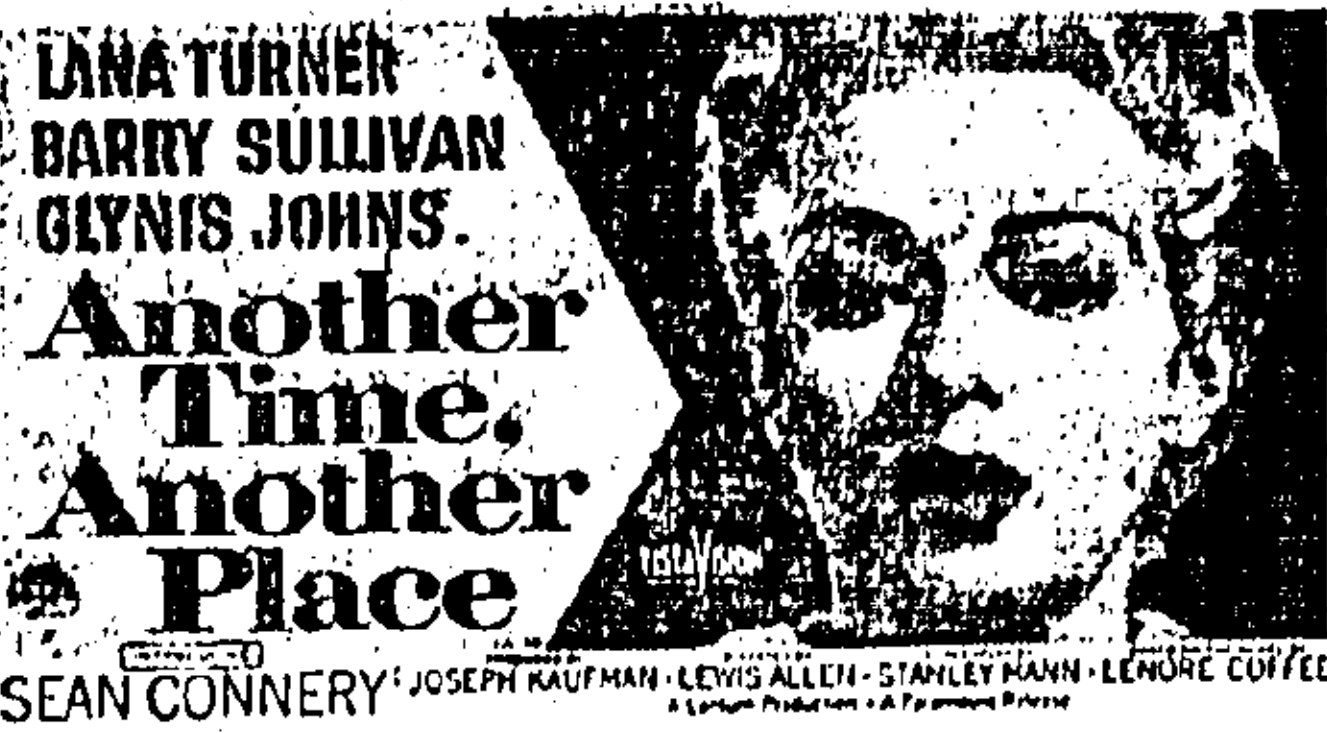
The World Famous Sherry

SPAIN'S BEST

—the favorite Medium Dry Sherry in Spain—and of course over here

KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY



SEAN CONNERY JOSEPH KAUFMAN LENA ALLEN STANLEY HARRIS LORRAINE CURTIS

KING'S

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

At 11.00 a.m. Variety Programme of Universal-International Tech. Cartoons

At 12.00 noon Columbia presents Tyrone Power — Kim Novak in "THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY"

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

TO-DAY AT 12.30 P.M. SPECIAL MATINEE

Brigitte Bardot — Vittorio De Sica
Alberto Sordi — Gloria Swanson in
"NERO'S WEEK-END"

in CinemaScope & Technicolor

Tq-morrow at 11.00 a.m. M-G-M

"TOM & JERRY" Technicolor Cartoons
Variety Programme

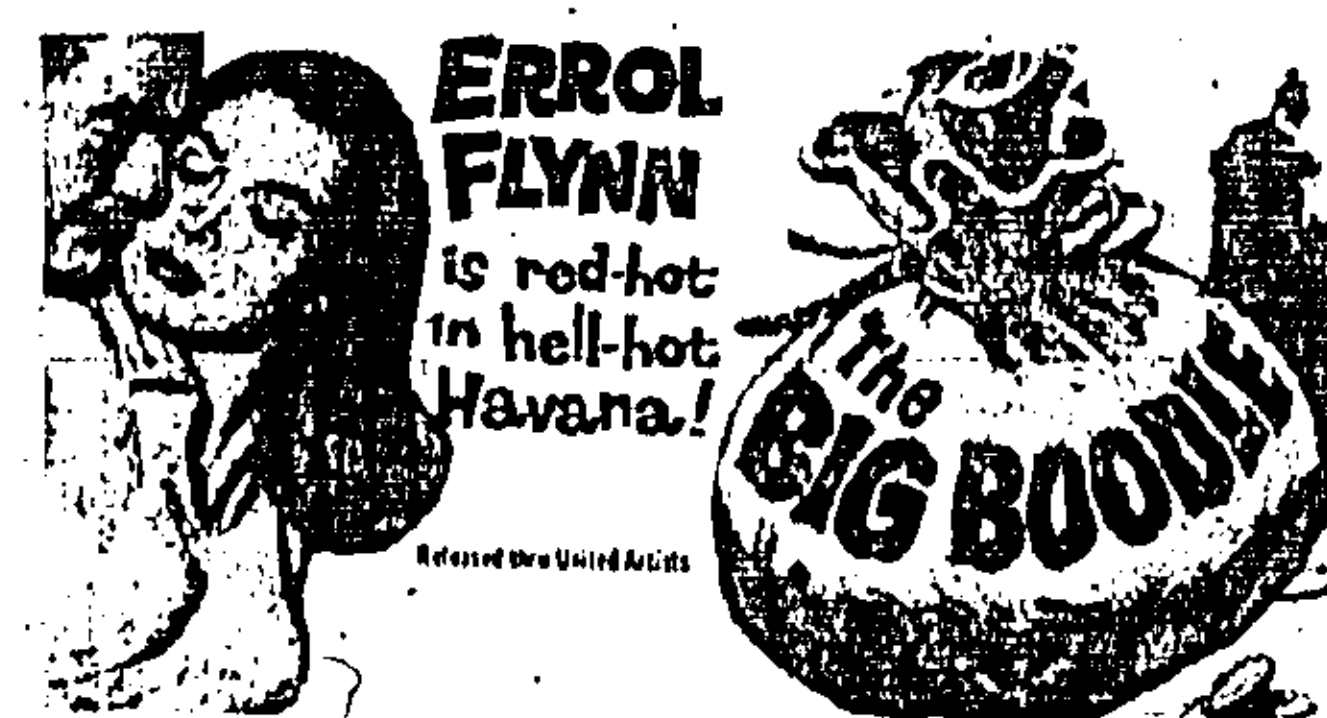
To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox present
Jean Simmons — Guy Madison — Jean Pierre Aumont
in "HILDA CRANE"

in CinemaScope & Technicolor

Morning Show Admission: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

STAR METROPOLE

★ FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



★ GRAND OPENING TO-MORROW ★



BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

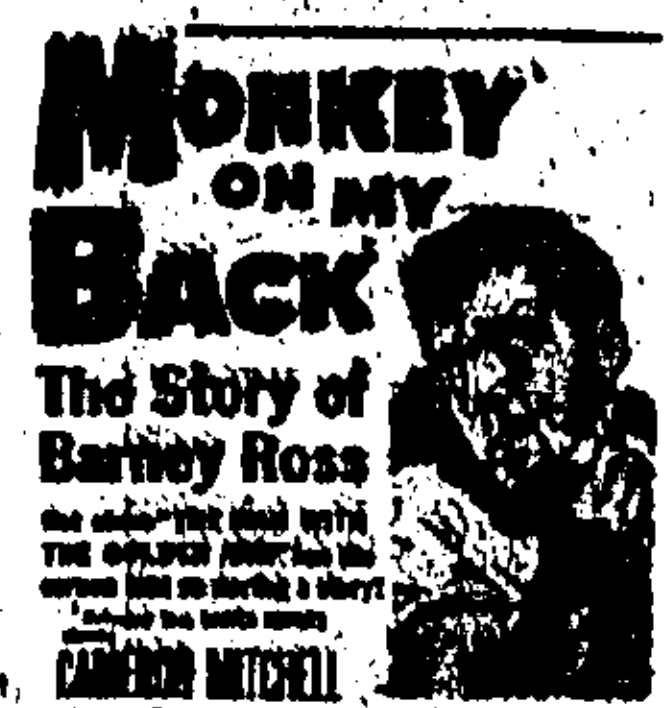
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW ★ AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
3 STOOGES COMEDY & LATEST FOX
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. Clifton Webb in
"THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS"

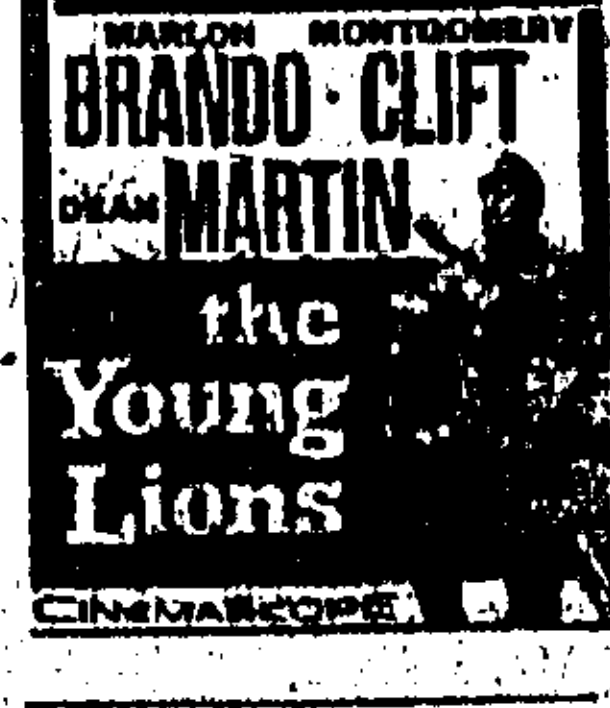
A Fox Picture in CinemaScope

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
"THE GOLD RUSH"



TO-MORROW 5 SHOWS
Special Time At 11.30 a.m.
"THE YOUNG LIONS"

FILMS Current and Coming by Lucy Downing

THE gripping realism and authenticity of the two British box-office successes, "Carve Her Name With Pride" and "The Silent Enemy" which were featured in this column last week, are not matched by the Paramount's "Another Time, Another Place," film set in England in the war-weary days of 1945.

This new picture starring Lana Turner and showing at the King's and Princess, is hailed as "Lana's latest." The story is based upon Lenore Coffey's best-selling novel about love and marriage. There are the makings of an excellent film if casting adjustments and closer attention to detail had been effected.

This film was made in England and the opening suspenseful scenes of the dismantling of a V2 by a bomb disposal squad are gripping. But as tough men played and revealed in the vicinity of a terrifying warhead, which, at a touch, might blow the whole neighbourhood to smithereens, would-be hero newsboys arrive and argue their way to the front-line position.

The male and female of the species although dedicated to the brashness of not being subsequently languished in irrelevant love scenes oblivious to their surroundings, easy in a rain-lashed utility van in the danger zone.

Lana Turner, laquered and lovely as ever, as Sara Scott, well-paid New York newspaperwoman, chose her own leading man, Sean Connery to play Mark Trevor, a B.B.C. war correspondent in the film story. This handsome newcomer, said to be a Scot, although he has a very Irish name, adopted a rather stilted and uncertain accent, at its best more Canadian than B.B.C.

Sara Scott, trying to preserve the cool aloof, wrapped-in-mink attitude, is sizzling with passion for the B.B.C. type and prepared to break her engagement with her all-powerful boss, Carter Reynolds.

She is shattered when Trevor tells her that he has a wife and a son, but throws all remnants of pride to the winds and pleads in vain to accompany him on a foreign mission.

Carter Reynolds, her fiancé, played with the refreshment of cold water after treacle tart by Barry Sullivan, can find no response in the smitten Sara and discovers the truth.

Mark is killed in an air crash, and Sara, working with British colleagues who have lost their sons and husbands, does not really comprehend sorrow until she is plunged into oracles of self-pity and the determination to assure herself that Mark loved only her.

After mental collapse, despite Carter's solicitude and devotion, she avoids returning to New York and visits the delightful Cornish village where Mark had his home.

Here the film really becomes alive with the warmth and vibrant personality of Glynis Johns, as the well-adjusted widow Kay Trevor, devoting her life to her son. She is ready to share her sympathies and hospitality (despite the hard work and short rations), with the stricken and jealousy-ridden Sara, who collapses practically on her doorstep.

Brian Trevor, a lovable little fellow, played by Martin Stephens, is intrigued by the sophisticated stranger.

Sara struts around the Cornish cliffs and cobbled streets in spike-heeled shoes and 1950 fashions, while other women in the film wear utility clothing.

Obsessed with knowing all Mark's past, she invades his home and fights a duel for psychological possession of her dead love with the unsuspecting Kay, so trusting and vulnerable. Fortunately, a former colleague of Mark's who knew Sara in London and the faithful Carter from New York, arrive to take over.

The cruelty of truth like a knife-thrust, has to be used to help the two women in different ways to avert disaster for both.

★
"HIS trouble was, he was a gentleman in a world that had no further use for gentlemen." This is the epitaph spoken by a son whose father quietly drank himself to death after he had lost all the things he loved.

The father is Joe Chapin, the central figure in 20th Century Fox's "Ten North Frederick," brilliantly played by Gary Cooper.

"Ten North Frederick" is playing at the Roxy and Broadway this weekend. It is acclaimed greater than "Pyton Place" and stars also Suzy Parker, the British model who has made a "rocket-flight" to fame.

The film is based on John O'Hara's best-seller novel which dissects the disintegration of a personality, charming and not too clever; her journey yet becoming involved.

The story opens with the funeral of a man who might have been President of the United States, and the hypocrisy of socially prominent personages who gathered to pay last respects, including notorious politicians.

With a flashback to a happier occasion when Joe was celebrating a birthday party, and people are gathered to do him a livelier honour, the story reveals the family involvement, the desperation and dramatic disappointments occasioned by his daughter, his son, his defiant wife and a woman he loves.

★
THE epic story of the world as destroyed by "Noah's Ark," an Associated Artists' spectacular production can be seen this weekend at the Lee and Astor.

Research into 30 versions of the Bible were made to ensure fidelity to the story of the Ark, the leviathan of King Nebuchadnezzar's era, and the Temple of Japheth.

The simple life of Noah, the patriarch, living with his wife, three sons, Japheth, Ham and Shem, and his beautiful Miriam on the outskirts of the city of Akkado, is sharply contrasted with the glittering evil of heathen rites celebrated in the city's Festival of Hadreshar.

Noah's Divine message, in words of fire on tablets of stone to build an ark, is obeyed despite jeers and stoning by on-lookers to impede the tremendous task. A thunderbolt throws a ring of fire around the devout family which causes the persecutors to flee in terror, but does not deter the animals converging upon the 600-foot structure.

ture from every direction on land and sea and from the air. Miriam has been captured by the soldiers of the King and she is to be sacrificed to the false gods. This time lightning strikes and Noah's blinded son is enabled to carry Miriam through the deluge towards the Ark before the gates are closed.

Show Business

By Logan Gourlay

One of the most powerful men in Hollywood today, executive producer Jerry Wald ("Pyton Place," "Pyton") has been a busy man. He has given some potential advice for Jayne Mansfield.

She returned to London last week with Kenneth More from Spanish location work on "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw."

Said Wald: "That Mansfield girl has gotta legitimise herself. She's gotta cut out the over-sensational publicity that has boosted her to stardom. Because, brother, that same publicity will boost her to oblivion, and quick!"

Without pausing for breath, the pudgy, 200-words-a-minute talker who doesn't smoke or drink — probably because it

would interfere with his machine-gun delivery—continued: "I'll tell you something. The film I produced with Mansfield, 'Kiss Them For Me' was a flop that I'd match with anybody. And Jayne's enormous over-playing, was partly to blame."

"But I'm not beating. No sir, Jayne pleaded with me not to let her play the role. I insisted, to my cost. So I have to take the rap. Yes sir."

"Mansfield knows the score. She is a sensible kid with a lot of acting potential. But she isn't a natural star. She's been manufactured in Hollywood's dream factory. And the mortality rate among manufactured stars is high."

"Pretty darned high."

★ ★ ★
Bald-headed Yul Brynner sympathized with Elvis Presley over having his long hair cut for the army. Presley replied: "I'm not worried. You seem to be doing all right."

★ ★ ★
Irish actor Dan O'Herlihy invested in a luxurious limousine at next-to-nothing cost in Hollywood. "A murder was committed in it," he admitted, "so nobody would buy it."

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Another Time, Another Place."

A starring vehicle for Lana Turner by Paramount, an absorbing story with splendid acting by Barry Sullivan and Glynis Johns, effectively contrasting war-torn London with quiet Cornish beauty spots. Laquered Lana does not fit into the background of London, battered by bus-bombs and her romantic interest, Sean Connery is not convincing as a B.B.C. war correspondent, who loves his wife and another woman. Perhaps no man is.

LEE & ASTOR: "Noah's Ark." The story of the flood that destroyed the world. Spectacle directed by Michael Curtis, claimed to portray "a titanic chaos of water and mighty reproductions of Biblical settings, involving a cast of 10,000 and three years in the making." Warner Bros. Associated Artists.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "10 North Frederick." Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi and Suzy Parker acting in John O'Hara's best-selling story

about a man who wanted to be President of the United States, and who became involved with his daughter's room-mate and in his family's divorce problems. 20th Century Fox film directed by Philip Dunne and produced by Charles Brackett.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Safe Cracker." Adventures of a scoundrel who could crack a safe or a woman's heart. Starring Ray Milland and Barry Jones. A David E. Ross production released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Based on an action-thriller by Lt-Col Rhys Davies and Bruce Thomas.

METROPOLE & STAR: "The Big BOONIE." Errol Flynn deep in a dame-baited double-cross with Gla Scala and Rosanna Rony. Starring Pedro Armendariz as police chief. Background — many lovely locales in Havana and the Gulf of Mexico. United Artists.

QUEEN'S: "Asian Games." Full-length feature of the 3rd Asian Games in Tokyo in CinemaScope and with English commentary.

COMING

METROPOLE & STAR: "The Bachelor Party." Terribly realistic revelation of what can happen after a stag party, by the men who made "Marty."

At the end of a carousing pub-drawl the maudlin but pathetic inner fears of each man are exposed. One clearing brain reaches a truer assessment of life's values and returns home with mental composure. Convincing characterizations by Don Murray; his devoted wife Patricia Smith; and an extraordinary existentialist Carolyn Jones.

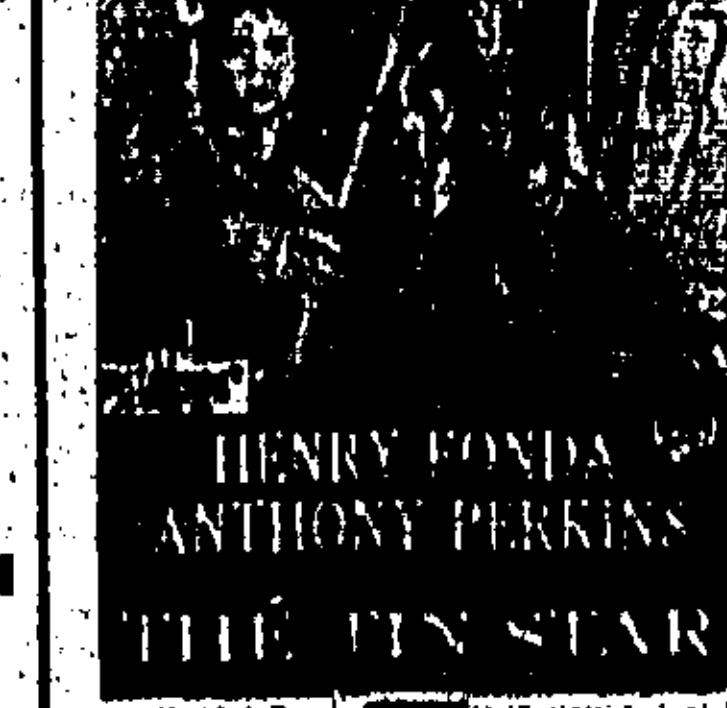
LEE & ASTOR: "These Dangerous Years." Microside, teenage toughs in the groove. Carole Lesley and Jackie Lane partner Frankie Vaughan in a warm, living film with drama and comedy. First production by Anna Neagle, directed by Herbert Wilcox.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Men and Wolves." French-Italian production in CinemaScope and Eastman colour, featuring Silvia Mangano, Yves Montand and Pedro Armendariz. Adventures of remote villagers during a rigorous winter when hungry wolves come in from the surrounding forests. The humane brotherhood of men when faced with hostile nature.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Bravados." An excellent Western splendidly played by Gregory Peck, an invincible avenger who takes the law in his own hands and then finds it hard to forgive himself. Good supporting cast, exciting story. 20th Century Fox.

CAPITOL RITZ

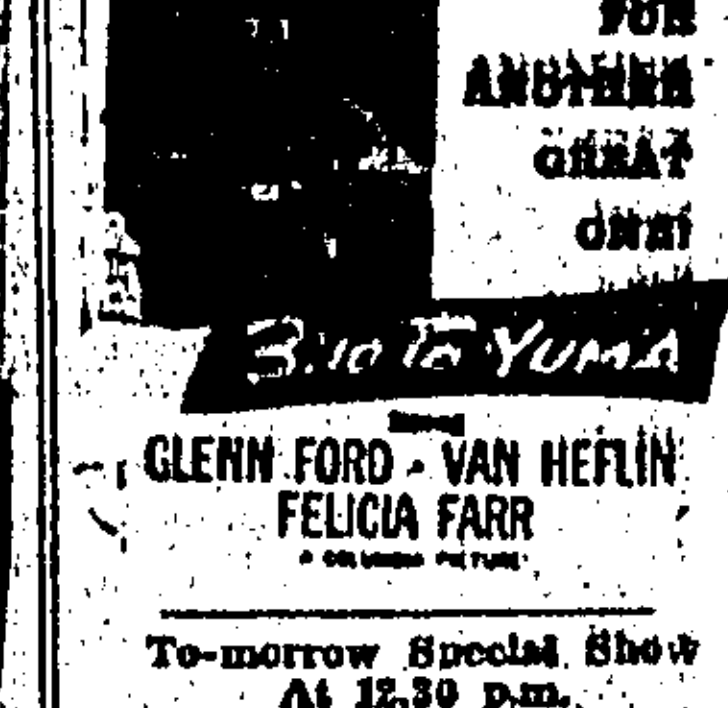
SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW
At 12.30 p.m.
ERROL FLYNN in
"KING'S RHAPSODY"

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW
At 12.30 p.m.
ERROL FLYNN in
"KING'S RHAPSODY"

SHOWING QUEEN'S TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.



★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD... BECOMES THE MOST SPECTACULAR MOTION PICTURE OF ALL TIME!

"Some of the most stirring episodes in the annals of screen spectacles!" — N.Y. Herald Tribune

★ NEXT CHANGE ★

Added: LATEST CAUMONT BRITISH NEWS
Trooping The Colour — Skyman Fly to Cyprus, etc., etc.

★ MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW ★

LEE THEATRE
At 12.00 noon
3 STOOGES
COMEDIES & TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices:
40 Cts., 70 Cts. & \$1.00

ASTOR THEATRE
At 11.00 a.m.
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
from Fox
At 12.30 p.m.
"STARS OF THE RUSSIAN
BALLET"
FREE SUNKIST to all
patrons for 11 a.m. &
12.30 p.m. Performances

★ NEXT CHANGE ★

Associated British pictures in ANNA NEAGLE production

GEORGE BAKER and FRANKIE VAUGHAN

"These Dangerous Years"

Original story and screenplay by JACK TAYLOR STORY Produced by ANNA NEAGLE
Directed by HERBERT WILCOX Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE STORY THAT ELECTRIFIED THE WORLD!

ROXY: 5 Shows To-morrow. Extra Performance of "TEN NORTH FREDERICK" At 12.00 Noon

BROADWAY: To-morrow Morning Show At 11.00 a.m. UNIVERSAL TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m. Dale Robertson in "SON OF SINBAD"

In Technicolor At Reduced Prices

FOR TELEVISION

TELEPHONE 97-8081

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

They Blew Up Bombers From A CELLAR!

By SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

London. WHEN German bombers released their loads over Britain in 1943 the bombs exploded beneath the planes, blowing them out of the sky. And one of the war's most fantastic exploits had achieved its mission. Most fantastic—and most secret. The other day, 15 years later, I learned the first details from one of the men who helped to organise it, Wing-Commander Leonard Harrison, G.C.

He revealed how captured German bomb fuses were short-circuited in the cellars of Bush House, in London's Strand. Then repacked, and put back into enemy munitions stores by the underground movement. When the bombs containing the fuses were released the short-circuiting made them explode.

The whole mission was so successful that the Germans were tricked into believing their fuses must be faulty. So thousands were scrapped although there was nothing wrong with them.

Harrison—he won the George Cross in 1941 for tackling an unexploded bomb wedged in a ship—is now a 51-year-old civilian adviser to the Air Ministry.

Said Harrison: "We discussed the idea over lunch one day in 1943. In Bush House, headquarters of the R.A.F. Bomb Disposal Organisation in those days, we often talked about playing a more attacking role.

"Our chief, Wing-Commander James Stevens, had a habit of laughing at the many outlandish schemes proposed—and then quietly thinking about them.

"He laughed when it was said this fuse short-circuiting might work. But a few weeks later he announced we were going to try it.

"It required a lot of experimenting with captured German fuses. But after some weeks we evolved a method. "We had to put the fuses together again so that they looked absolutely normal. We did quite a number." No enemy bombers have been officially credited to the R.A.F. Bomb Disposal Organisation.

But Harrison said: "The Intelligence branches told us a number of bombers brought down over Britain—and, in fact, elsewhere—could be attributed to our work."

Bright Lights Attract Him

The Dog That Went To The Pictures

By MICHAEL BROWN

London. THE usherette flushed her torch along the front row of the circle... and saw a gloomy figure in the end seat.

"Don't remember getting his ticket," she said to herself. And she inched her way nearer.

The figure sat slightly staring at the screen. Then it yawned and licked its lips.

"Odd," thought 22-year-old Jean Milson.



For Mugsy, a seat in the circle

A bark

Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift and Dean Martin were acting out *The Young Lions*, Irwin Shaw's war classic at Hampstead's Playhouse.

Glamorous May Britt was doing a tender love scene with Mr Brando.

And at that moment the solemn figure in front began to BARK.

Jean shrieked and ran for the manager. And Mugsy, the two-year-old boxer, lost his seat.

Manager Mr. Eric Edwards phoned up his owner, Mr Charles Watney, a 36-year-old garage proprietor. "Can't have dogs taking up all the room," he said. "We've got a queue."

In the gods

Down came Mr Watney from his home in Wildwood Road, Hampstead, full of apologies.

"He was at the ballet the other week," he said worriedly. "Sneaked up to the box and saw *Les Sylphides*. Loves the bright lights."

Mugsy proved that later by snatching a photographer's flash camera out of his hand as he tried to take a picture.

He casually pushed me into a settee, then picked up his playmate, a deaf, white cat called Titten. In his teeth.

"Quite a lad," said Mr Watney. "We called him Mark Anthony when he was a puppy, but Mugsy seems to suit him better now."

"We could paper the walls with tickets the police have given him."

"How much do you bet he turns up for *My Fair Lady*?"

THE BOY WITH MATCH-STICK BONES HAS 29th FRACTURE

Barnsley.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Tony Ekin, a boy with "match-stick" bones, was back in the hospital—with his 29th fracture.

This time it's Tony's left shin—broken for the ninth time. Specialists hope to make it well again by grafting a piece of his mother's thighbone to the shin—but it will not strengthen the rest of his frail body.

His mother, 26-year-old Mrs Faylla Ekin, said Tony has spent most of his four years travelling to and from hospitals after slight accidents fractured his brittle limbs.

But his two-year-old sister Angela is free from his bone defect—although she's already had two "normal" bone fractures.—U.P.I.

A PATRON SAINT FOR SPACE TRAVEL?

By ERNEST SAKLER

Vatican City. THE Roman Catholic Church, which has just given a Patron Saint to TV, may soon give another one to space travel.

In fact, there is hardly a community or branch of human activity which has not a patron Saint or cannot obtain one by sending a sufficient number of petitions to the Vatican. And generally, the patron Saints are very fitting ones.

St Clare, the 13th century Italian founder of the order of the Poor Clares who was proclaimed the patron Saint of IV by Pope Pius XII, was in a way a forerunner of television. Catholic tradition reports in detail how she watched a distant church service by a vision from her sick bed in a convent on Christmas Eve of 1252.

St Joseph da Cupertino, a 17th century Franciscan friar unofficially considered by the Sacred Congregation of Rites as a possible patron Saint for space flight is credited by tradition with floating miraculously in the air during his ecstasies. For that reason, many U.S. and British Catholic Air Force pilots prayed to him during the war.

ASTRONAUTS

If he is chosen as the patron of astronauts St Joseph da Cupertino would be one of many Saints protecting different categories of persons. In Italy, he is considered a patron Saint of students because tradition has it that he devoted his time so fully to prayer that he did not study for priesthood—yet when he underwent examination he was asked exactly the questions to which he knew the answer.

The Virgin Mary holds first place among patron Saints of various cities, nations and other categories. Pope Pius XII alone has signed 82 Apostolic Briefs during his 10-year reign proclaiming her the patron Saint of different communities and groups.

Under various names, such as "Immaculate Conception" for the U.S. and Brazil or "Our Lady of Luján" for Argentina, she is the patron Saint of 19 countries ranging from Portugal to Hungary, the Philippines and Basutoland. Under the name of "Virgo Immaculata" she also protects the U.S. Army and as "Our Lady of Loreto" aviators of all nationalities. As our Lady of Fatima she is the patron Saint of Italian soldiers, and as Our Lady of Lourdes she is prayed to against bodily ills.

PARACHUTISTS

Another popular saint is the Archangel Michael patron of Italian parachutists, policemen and radiologists.

Not all patron Saints apply to the entire world: for instance, St Bernardin of Siena is the patron Saint of Italian advertisers, but not of advertisers of other nations because they have not asked for it. The Church, however, has no objection to

Bicycle Derby Not For Minors Under 50!

Bolzano. FIFTY-two-year-old Federico Berta was first through the tape of the "Rag-pickers Bicycle Derby" here, but was disqualified for drinking too much wine before the final sprint.

Vittorio Bonnin, 72-year-old favourite to win the 10 lap peddle-and-drink grind, had to retire just before the finish line because a "tremendous thirst" lured him off the course.

FORBIDDEN

The burlesque contest, one of the most spirited annual events of this region, was usually forbidden to "all minors less than 50 years of age."

Rules of the track were the same: 10 times around of one mile track with a stop each lap at a "control post" for a glass of red wine.

The 20-man pack, with an aggregate age of about 1,100 years, was off with a creak of bikes before a cheering crowd of youngsters ranging up to the mid-century mark.

Bonnin took the lead but on the final lap cried out for wine. His particular wine car had driven off the track. Seventy-two-year-old Bonnin followed the scent and was disqualified.

LAST CIRCUIT

That left Rico Scermin, 50, Giuseppe Cerutti, 54 and Federico Berta, 52, fighting on the last circuit.

Several hundred yards from the finish line, Berta, stopped for two glasses of white wine. He then sprinted first through the tape but was disqualified for drinking out-of-turn.

Scermin won, followed 27 minutes later by Cerutti.

A long time later, 17 other survivors wobbled over the finish line followed by a Red Cross ambulance.

There were no genuine casualties.—U.P.I.

THE FARMER CARRIED THE BOMB

.....The Army Said It's Dangerous!.....

London. The Army reported it had disposed of the bomb that bothered farmer Sam Holmes' seedling.

It was a World War Two German bomb that failed to explode.

"Such a fuss," said Holmes. "Terry Richards, who was driving my tractor, ran over it three times before we noticed it."

Farmer Holmes, of Thorpe, near Doncaster, didn't want to waste time with a seedling, so he picked up the bomb and

carried it 40 yards to the edge of the field. Then he knelt down, put his ear to it and listened.

"It wasn't ticking so I left it there and telephoned the police," he said.

Police and an Army bomb disposal unit arrived while Holmes was back seeding his field. The Army experts decided it was too dangerous to move. Police held up traffic for a half hour while the bomb squad inspected it.

The experts then exploded the bomb. Holmes carried on with his seedling.—United Press.

This ODD World HE WANTS A JOB—AT 96—

London.

DOCTORS told Major Harold Gordon-Graham: "You have one year to live." That was in 1917. Last week the major who proved them wrong went job-hunting—at 96.

He walked into a Luton employment agency and said: "I must have a job to occupy my time."

He'll get one. Said Dr Donald Snellgrove, who runs the bureau: "He's an excellent fellow, most modern in his approach."

"I have good hopes of getting him into a local accountant's office."

Odd man in

New York. THERE'S a bachelor at large among New York's bachelor girls—the only registered male resident of the Manhattan Y.W.C.A. club.

He is 83-year-old Frank Reilly, who has lived in the building 17 years.

When the Y.W.C.A. bought it Reilly and five other men refused to leave and went to court about it.

Only Reilly was allowed to stay—because of his age.

G-R-R, Hic!

New York. ANIMALS can become chronic alcoholics, reports U.S. specialist Dr Maurice Pruitt.

His "case histories" include dogs that went from bar to bar begging for drinks and a dog and a racoon, both dope addicts.

Even ants can become intoxicated on honeydew, he reports.

Some fall

Louisville. VETERAN parachute jumper Tom Kitley has made 61 descents without a scratch.

Last week he cancelled an exhibition drop at Louisville, Kentucky—after slipping on the back-door step and breaking a leg.

Steal, please

London. A THIEF who broke into a garage at Cheam, Surrey, stole the wheels from a bicycle.

The owner of the cycle, Patrick Hennessey, 16, put this advertisement in the window of a local shop:

"Will the thief who stole the wheels off my bicycle from a garage in Cheam, please steal the frame—it's a nuisance!"

The thief obliged her the same night.

And left this note: "Where's the bell?"

Business-Monkey

London. LATEST trainee assistant in a King's Lynn, Norfolk, newsagent's shop is a monkey.

Eight-month-old Scoop is being taught to sit on the counter and sell morning papers.

And every time a customer comes in Polly, an Amazon parrot, shrieks: "Read all about it!"

C'est La Vie!

London. THERE were two admirers of 47-year-old Lillane Nico—Georges Herzi and Bernard Guillot, both 60. Georges saw her on even days, Bernard on odd days.

But then Georges got to thinking the arrangement was unfair because Bernard had two days running—the 31st of one month and the first of the next.

It ended with a fight and last week both rivals were in a Paris hospital!

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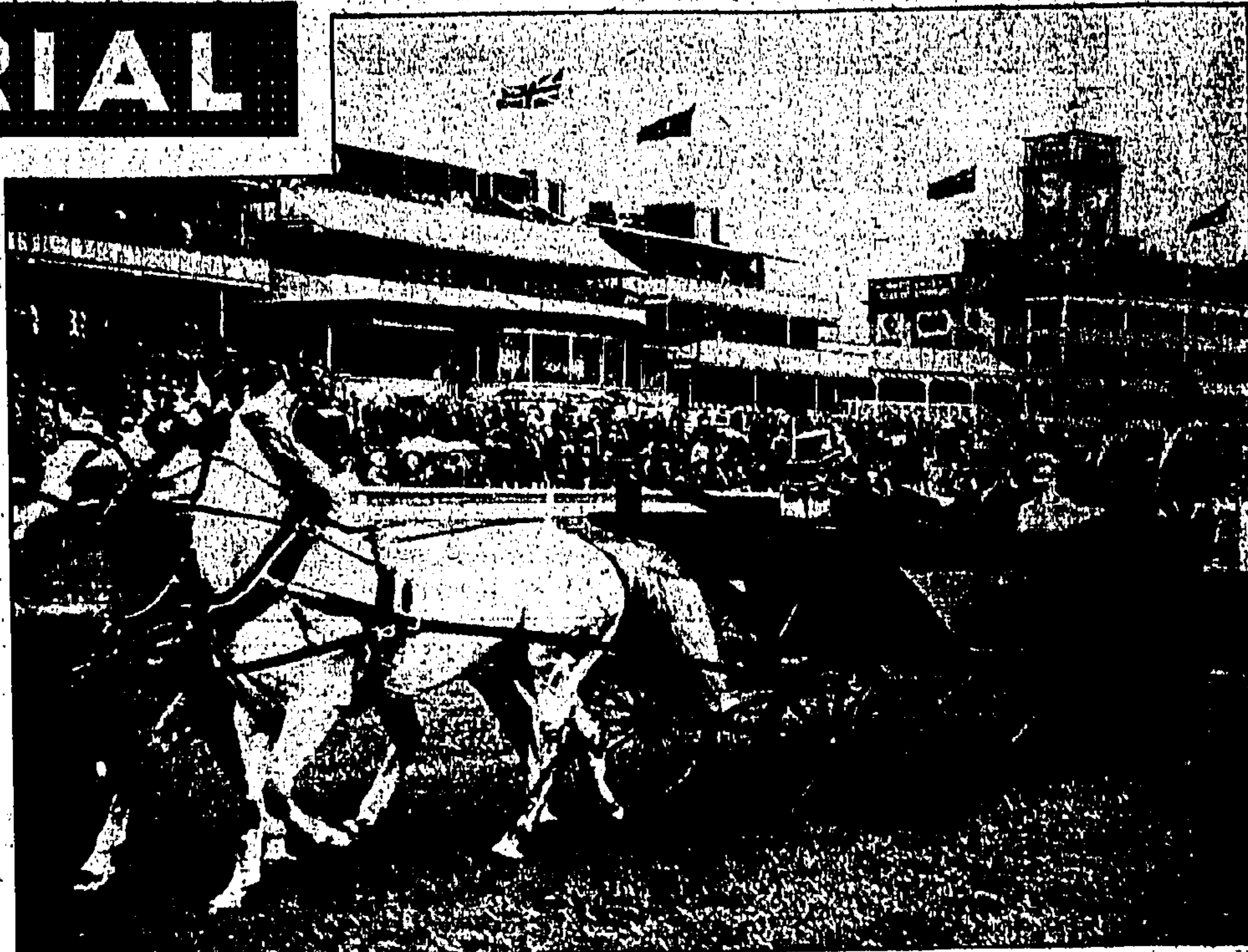


ABOVE: Irish-born nurse Mary Brennan, 29, was married in a private ceremony recently in Glamis Castle, Scotland, to the 40-year-old Earl of Strathmore, a cousin of Queen Elizabeth. Miss Brennan, a Roman Catholic, renounced her faith in marrying the earl.



EX-QUEEN Soraya of Persia pictured recently with her mother in London Airport before flying to Germany.

★
Express Photographs.



ABOVE: Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip arriving recently at Ascot racetrack for the opening of Royal Ascot, top racing event in the British social calendar.



BLONDE Roberta Cowell, formerly Robert Cowell, fighter pilot and father of two children, is seen recently in Croydon, England, when she went to a bankruptcy court. She owes £12,580.



ABOVE: Here, purse in hand, in a white-pleated skirt and highbuttoned cardigan, 17-year-old Princess Fazelat, bride-to-be of King Faisal of Iraq, steps out with a friend Chavoy Down, near her school at Heathfield.



BELOW: Ernst Toch's Symphony No. 3—played at the Royal Festival Hall by the Morley College Symphony Orchestra, required a "hisser"—to make a noise like a train letting off steam. So it was done with this cylinder of compressed air. Margaret Cotton, percussionist, has her part explained by Gerard Hoffnung, designer of the instrument. — Keystone.

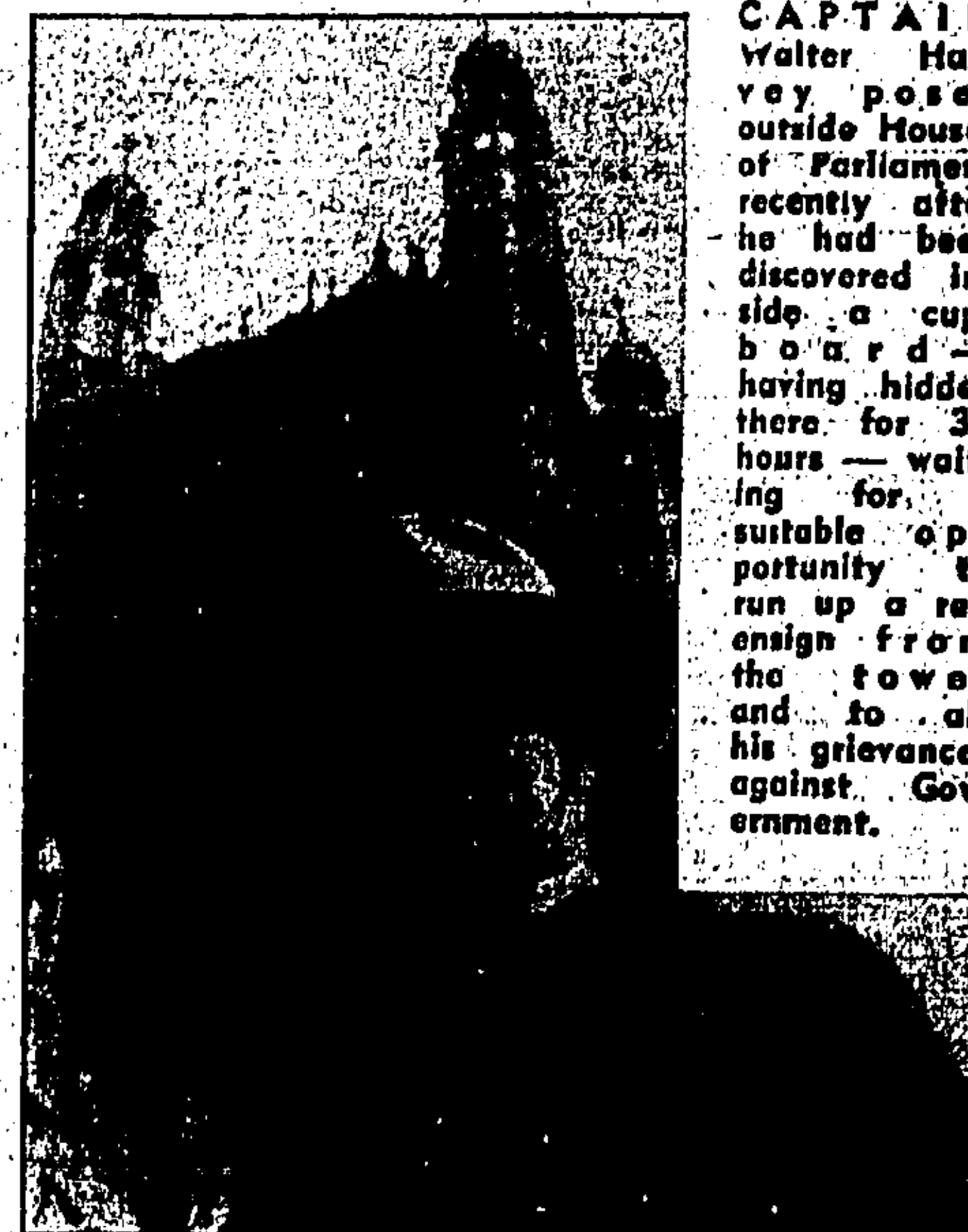


BRITISH screen actor Tony Wright seen here with a charming companion, was rushed to hospital recently after being found severely ill in his London flat. Beside his bed was an empty bottle of pain-killing tablets.



ABOVE: Mr. Frank Cousins, general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, the union to which London's recently striking busmen belong, with four bus conductresses.

★
RIGHT: Wearing the new "melon" style skirt, Princess Fazelat arrives at the Royal Tournament in London on Wednesday with Crown Prince Abdul Allah of Iraq.



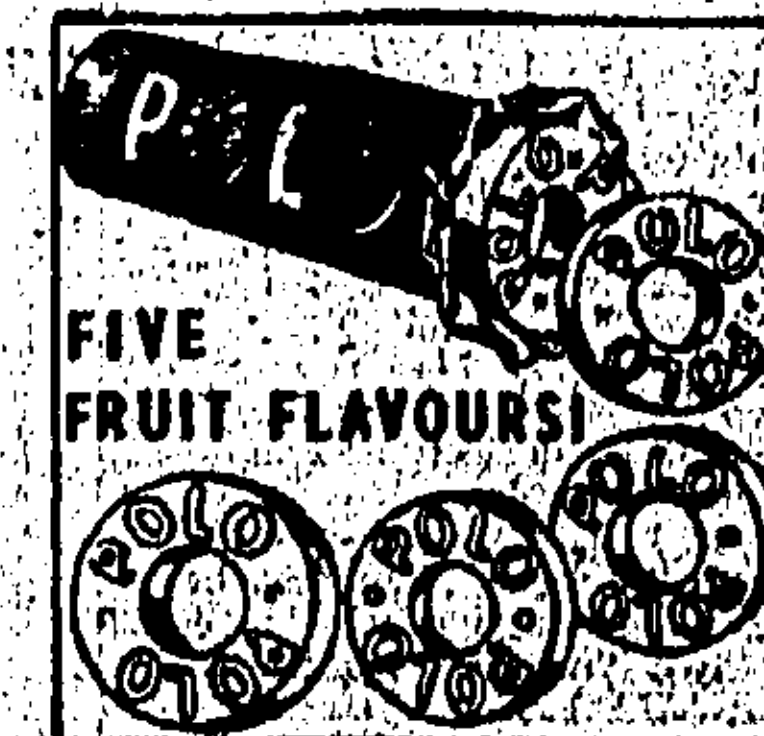
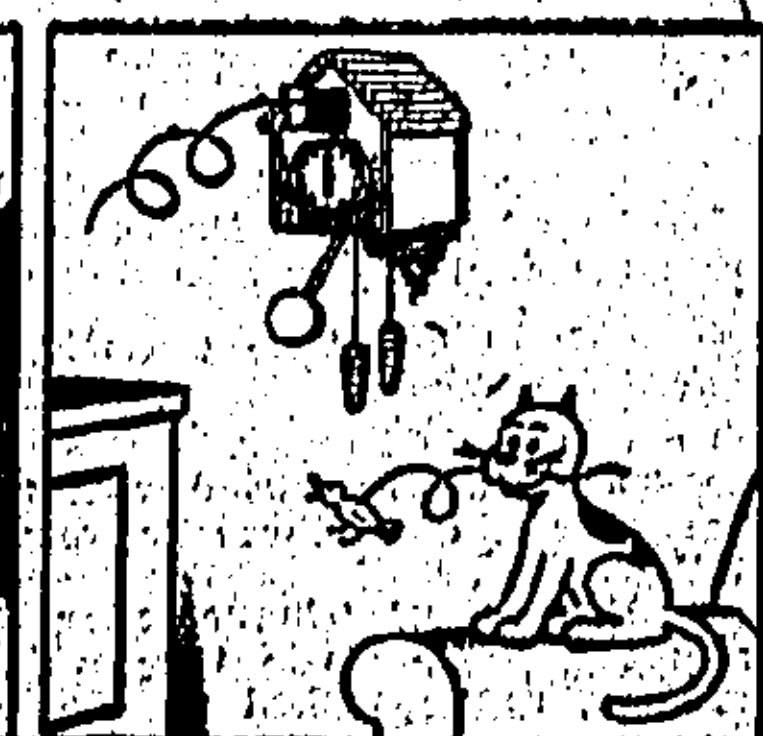
CAPTAIN Walter Harvey poses outside Houses of Parliament recently after he had been discovered inside a cupboard—having hidden there for 39 hours—waiting for a suitable opportunity to run up a red ensign from the tower and to air his grievances against Government.



MEMBERS of the 1st Guards Brigade, who have been ordered as reinforcements for Cyprus, are pictured recently leaving Sharncliffe railway goods yard, Kent. They had a band to play them off.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



Presenting Another Hongkong Short Story By George Ramage

My Chameleon

YOU know how it is. You sometimes pick up any old book, skim idly through it, and just occasionally come across a few words or an illustration, and you stop, and you think, and perhaps you exclaim, "Now isn't that funny? It reminds me of..."

But there I go, burbling on when I really want to tell you all about Kay Carter who rocketed into my life in that dreamy summer of 1956. A golden time, a golden woman.

We—that is, Kay and I—didn't last long, but then one becomes philosophic about that sort of thing, don't you think? Our affair, if I must use a hackneyed term, for something that lingers in the memory, was like a tropical sunset—beautiful, stimulating, and inevitably brief.

Well, I was thumbing through the first book to hand this very night, and came across a brightly-coloured picture of a chameleon. And as I read the caption, I chuckled. It said: "A creature noted for its power of changing colour; an inconstant or versatile person." Now, I used to call Kay my chameleon. Affectionately, of course, and she liked it.

It all began because of a sudden urge to escape from my stuffy little flat and cool down at one of the beaches. Purely by chance I decided on Repulse Bay, coaxed my sleepy couch into something like mobility, and crawled along the coast road. I was just another little man seeking the infinite or needing a change. I swept into the parking area at Repulse Bay with a certain abandon and an uncertain skill, and made for the Astoria, a drink-spot of somewhat decrepit splendour.

I just sat there, sipping my brandy dry, and letting the day's frustrations drift gently away. It was the quiet evening hour at the tail-end of a scorching day, and the cool breeze talked away my sorrows. Through the open windows I could see the many islands, the many junks, a couple of broiled humans, and one nondescript dog scrabbling for treasure with frantic paws. It all didn't seem to matter very much.

In the far corner of the bar, behind me a rather moth-eaten tripe plucked away at These Foolish Things. I hummed the melody softly to myself, pushed my glass towards the bar-boy, and asked for a repeat.

A cool, female voice next to me drawled, "Make that two."

"...I Called Kay That. Affectionately, Of Course, And She Liked It..."

Not very original, not very subtle, but it shook me out of my inertia. I turned and looked, and saw a dark, intense woman, twenty-fiveish, and quite atrociously dressed in the height of fussiness, perched on a high bar stool next to me. But her voice! She had, without doubt, the most soul-stirring voice a man could wish to hear. It didn't matter at all what she said. She had in fact a genius for saying nothing beautifully. I simply sat there and listened, kept the drinks mobile, and gave the necessary cues to keep her talking.

I was utterly captivated. I suppose the place filled up—usually did—and emptied, but I never noticed the comings and goings. Then the captain began to flick the lights off and on, the band started mournfully ahead, and she stood up, said so casually, "I'm Kay Carter. See you tomorrow—here," and was gone. Just like that. Didn't even wait for a lift. Shattering.

Well, of course we met again, the next day. Same time, same place. Do you know what her first words were? She said, "I gather you don't like my clothes. Well, do something about it." I was absolutely shaken. I had a vague recollection of driving about dress-sense on the previous evening, but couldn't for the life of me remember criticising her particular taste or lack of it. But that's how it goes.

So, ever one to accept a challenge in the weeks that followed I did do something about it. I took up this crusade, and her appearance noticeably improved, thanks largely to that lovable old bottle, Madame Horneuse, who scraped a proud living giving aristocratic advice on what to do when and what to wear always.

Kay was being groomed for— for what? I never gave it a thought. But the result of all this was that within two months that voice was linked to as chic and as poised a woman as you could wish.

I was sublimely happy. I had created my masterpiece. I was also sublimely unconscious of the increasing dependency of my perfected woman. There were odd moments when I began to feel that she was just a little waspish, but I quickly shrugged that one away.

Then it happened. One evening, when the soaring tempera-

ture and humidity combined in that special kind of Hongkong purgatory, Kay suddenly flew into a snarling rage, and yelled in the most metallic, harsh, common voice: "For God's sake stop purring over me as if I'm your tame pet. I refuse to keep it up any longer. It wears me out. All this fluttering like a broken-down quack. Now go away—you make me sick!" I was so flabbergasted I just went, and that was that.

The following days seemed endless and very empty. I never saw Kay at all. I couldn't bring myself to call her. One has one's pride. So I haunted the Astoria, hopefully, and drank a lot, morbidly.

One evening when the drinks in front of me looked like the tower of Pisa, and I was pushing down my millionth brandy, I was slapped forcibly on the back, choked over my glass, and turned to find Bill Frohisher beaming at me as if he'd won a State lottery. He was in a nauseating breezy mood, and kept on and on about some woman he'd got himself engaged to—unofficially, of course.

He insisted that the drinks were entirely on him, and so I felt it only right and proper that I should pay some little attention to his meanderings. It seemed that he was completely swept off his feet by this woman. Apparently, he'd been sitting in some cocktail bar nearby when he had gilded the most attractive woman in this world, or out of it for that matter. Hair, makeup, clothes—all absolutely tops according to Bill.

"Do you know, she walked like a goddess, looked like an angel, and was dressed like a— He groped for the magic word. "Like a dream?" I queried, and felt sorry immediately. But I needn't have worried. Bill was oblivious to that sort of thing. "That's it exactly," he exclaimed, "but—"

There was a long pause here, and I eventually bridged the gap. "You said 'but', Bill. Do I gather that you are a little uncertain about something?" Bill smiled ruefully. "That's just it," he groaned. "It's impossible to believe, but she actually has the most grating, harsh, metallic voice I've ever heard. It's sacrilege, that's what it is. Almost as if you caught the Venus de Milo creaking 'Cor blimey'."

This, for me, was the moment of truth. I sat up stiffly and said, rather coolly, with the brandy working overtime, "This wouldn't be Kay Carter, you're talking about, now would it?" Bill was completely shattered, and gasped, "But yes—do you know her?"

It was then that sanity returned, and I murmured that I had met her very casually, that I knew just what he meant about her voice, and what a great pity it was—blat, blat, blat.

However, Bill really was smitten. He'd worked out some hairbrained scheme to rope in a certain Miss Fingleton, a self-confessed voice expert, to work the necessary miracle with Kay's vocal chords. I gave Bill my fond blessing, and left the Astoria gurgling to myself at Fate's sense of humour.

I didn't see Bill again for four or five weeks, and Kay was completely out of circulation. Forgetting her intonation, I supposed. Once or twice I was tempted to ring her and ask her the time, but my sense of fair play prevailed.

Then one grey, rainy early evening the Astoria trio was vamping its lugubrious way through an off-beat version of 'St Louis Blues', and I had just pushed my glass under the bar-boy's noose for a repeat, when a gloomy voice moaned: "Make that two."

There was no greeting, just a thundering, "Do you know what that hell-cat did to me?" I drew myself up fairly erect on my bar-stool and asked, "Are you referring to Kay Carter, the woman who got up and growled at me, and then poured out the whole grisly story?"

Apparently, less than half an hour before, he'd met Kay in the cocktail bar nearby, but hadn't recognised her at first. She was, according to Bill, dressed in the most extraordinary get-up, and made him feel quite ashamed. She must have noticed this, because suddenly, in her most throbbing Fingleton voice, she had drawled, "My dear Bill, this is the way I like to dress. It's the way I feel. Now go away—you make me sick." And Bill, bless him, was so astounded that he just went.

I'm afraid I didn't commiserate with Bill as much as I might have done. I had an urge to rush to the nearest telephone and ring that cocktail bar nearby. Which I did. And when Kay came on the line and said in that wonderful voice that she was just about to have another drink, I said, "Make that two, dear."

Then I went smartly back to Bill, slapped him a fond farewell on his bowed shoulders, waved gaily to the three beetles jangling 'One Fine Day', and went to join my most decadent and versatile chameleon.

(COPYRIGHT)

Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



CANGUE

"A square board, or portable pillory of wood, used in China as a punishment." This punishment was once known to residents of Hongkong. Its weight was limited by law to 30 pounds and its main function was to prevent its wearer from eating during the day. It was removed during the night.

This is a Portuguese word—canga 'ox-yoke'. Its etymology was in the past somewhat obscured by the fact that the Tartars who introduced it to China called it kangai and the Chinese used the expression 'kang ka' to wear the fetter.

The same word appears in Bowyer's Journal (Cochin China, 1698):

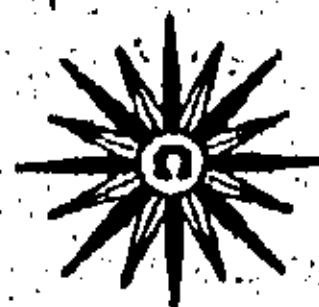
"He was imprisoned, canged, tormented but making friends with his Money... was cleared, and made Under-Customer..." In Staunton's Embassy it is observed that "the punishment of the cangue, usually called by Europeans the cangue, is generally inflicted for petty crimes." (1797). A Frenchman, Leon Rousseau, in A Travels in China, published in 1878, remarks that this punishment was probably never inflicted on women who were slapped on the cheeks with a small strip of leather, instead.

CANTON

This should properly be the name of the province Kwang Tung, broad east—the capital being called, amongst other names, Kwong Chou. The English took the name from Portuguese Cantao.

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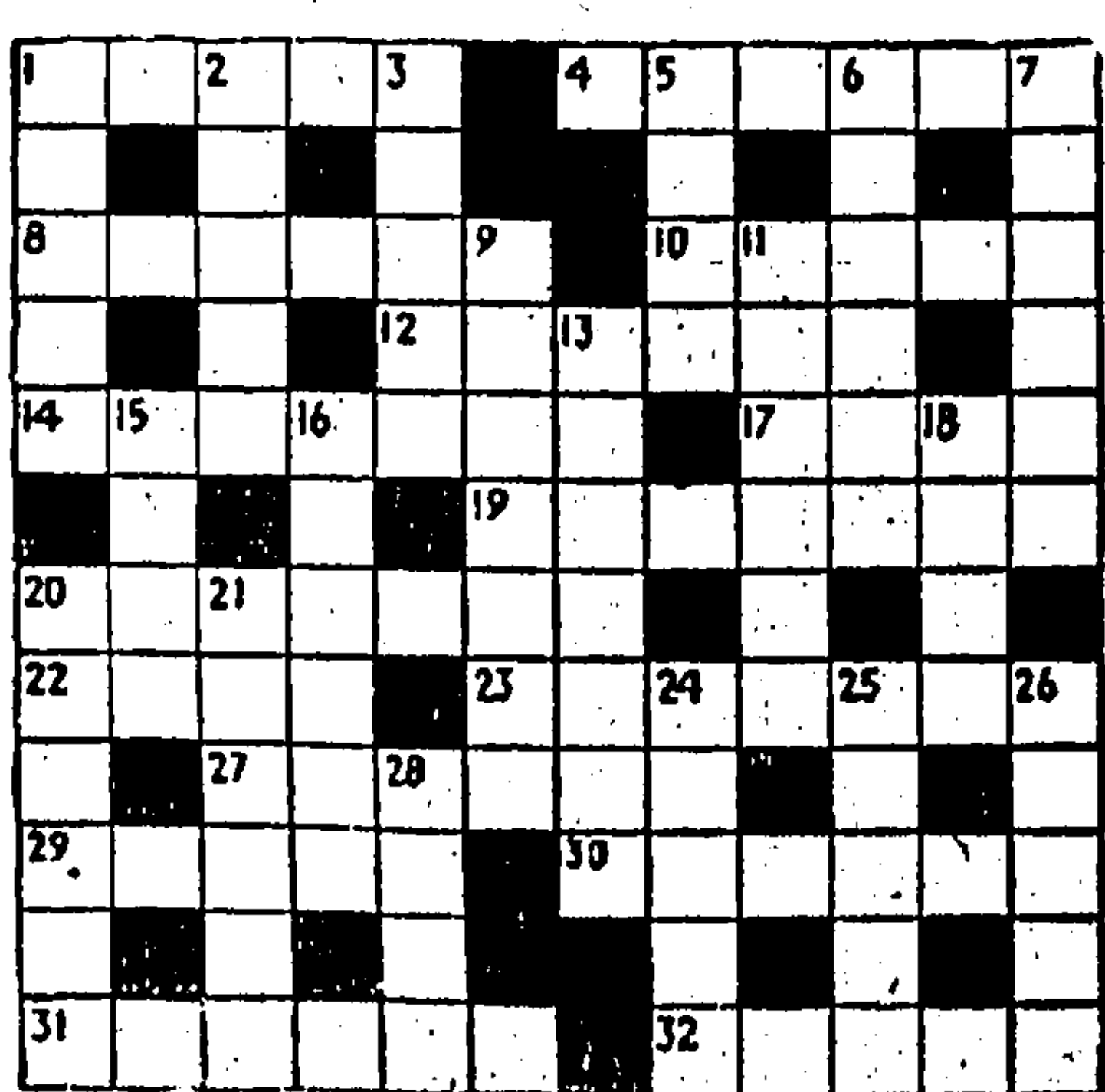
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A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- They may be taken in a box (5).
 - Please pass! (6).
 - Sacred beetle (6).
 - Flower, partly Eastern (5).
 - Scarlet athlete (6).
 - True, from the time the RE joined up (7).
 - Tex on a ring? (4).
 - Stingers (7).
 - It's no use, he's sick (7).
 - Base for a speaker (4).
 - Fertiliser (7).
 - Keeps the subjects in order (6).
 - Wrong—it's a girl (5).
 - What d'ye call it (6).
 - Players, and lawns may be (6).
 - Dandy sea-motion (5).
- DOWN**
- Spot of refreshment! (5).
 - Mark II? (5).
 - Refrain from killing (5).
 - These aren't over-weight (4).
 - The spirit of progress, shall we say? (6).
 - Fut's one's name down (6).
 - A question of arson, it seems (7).
 - Squatter's dog? (6).
 - Is found wanting? (7).
 - Scottish island (4).
 - Glves over (6).
 - Fast time (4).
 - Ladies have them (6).
 - Very manly (6).
 - They ruled at one time (5).
 - Fish in a corner (5).
 - Give praloe (5).
 - Man, maybe (4).

FRIDAY'S SOLUTION—Across: 3 Borderer, 6 Hold, 9 Publican, 11 Caro-U.S.A.-1, 12 Erre, 15 Forecast, 18 Hear hear, 19 Orbs, 21 Football, 25 Discipline, 26 Flow (rev), 27 Remedial. Down: 1 Chic (ago), 2 Blur, 4 On-us, 5 Doll, 6 Recur, 7 Rango, 10 Bulas, 11 Amour, 14 Bash, 16 Annap, 17 Trile, 19 Order, 20 Begum, 21 Find, 22 Olga, 23 Aile, 24 Lawn.

PARADE

BIG—EVEN FOR TEXAS: A treasure trove of more than a quarter of a million silver dollars has been found in a secret cellar in the Houston mansion of Texas oil millionaire James M. West.

West, who died last December, liked to hand out silver dollars to passers-by.

His family knew he kept a stock of them somewhere, so they hired detectives to find it.

The men crawled under the house to reach the cellar and found the money stacked in cotton bags, paper sacks, water-barrels and petrol cans.

It took seven trips by an armoured car to take the money away, and it made a pile five feet high in an area of eight by ten feet in a strong room at the Texas National Bank.

West was one of the great Texas eccentrics. His great hobby was riding on night patrol with Houston policemen. His personal fleet of cars included 41 Cadillacs with elaborate radio equipment. His home was a maze of disappearing doors and other trick devices. He is believed to have left more than £30 million.

SIR WILLIAM, THE LIFT-MAN? William Samwell, 58-year-old retired Cape Town liftman, claims he is Sir William Samwell. He has traced the Samwells back to the reign of Edward the Third. The title was created in 1075.

Samwell says he is a direct descendant of Sir Thomas, the first baronet. His great grandfather, William, retired from the Royal Navy on half-pay and

dropped the title because he could not keep it up.

His grandfather, a retired English magistrate, used the title, but his father, an easy-going man, who worked here as a customs officer for 30 years, dropped it.

Samwell worked a lift for 13 years. He wants the title to pass to his son, William, a 19-year-old university student. "It is not everybody," he said, "who can trace ancestors who fought at Greys."

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE: "Going steady" between teenagers is dangerous, says Dr W. W. Wigle, a school-doctor. In a report to the Northwestern Ontario Youth Conference.

"The practice results in a loss of social contact, and the youths' studies often suffer," he said. Besides, there was the danger of too close an intimacy. The time to begin dating varied in accordance with the individual and the home.

"However, teenagers should keep to their own age and functional groups," the doctor added.

HAZARDS OF SUN-BATHING: A hunter mistook the trim ankle of a sun-bathing Roman girl for a quail—and took a shot at it.

Patrizia Ghinelli, 22-year-old brunette, decided to get sun-tanned all over. She chose a secluded spot among shrubs at Focene Beach, outside Rome. "I saw a quail hunter," she said. "His ankle moved—and I let loose with his shotgun. Doctors say Patrizia's wounds are not serious."

FRIENDS!

FEAR paralysed me. I could not speak. I could not move. I dared not even breathe. The gun was my master and my soul cringed before it. Fascinated and terrified I gazed at the grim, black muzzle thinking crazily: "If I watch closely enough I shall see the bullet coming to kill me."

Then suddenly a great shaggy figure hurtled between myself and the executioner. The machine-gun roared and the spell was broken.

Willem, my faithful Siberian sledge dog, had hurled himself at the Red frontier guard. And in the split second that it took the guard to kill Willem I threw myself back into the forest from which I had come.

And as I ran I wept. Willem had been my sole companion for nearly 1,000 miles in my flight from a Russian slave camp.

In the two years that had elapsed since I escaped from a lead mine at Cape East, on the Behring Strait, I had no more faithful friend.

I thought more of him than the tribesmen who gave him to me.

I had even dreamed of taking him with me home to Munich. . . the town I had left so many years before as a Wehrmacht officer.

Now he was dead. Killed because I had blundered stupidly into guards on the Russian-Mongolian frontier.

SLIMMING?

I ran blindly, aimlessly through the undergrowth until I reached a stream which would spoil the scent for any tracker dogs the Russians might use.

I plunged in up to my waist and followed it until dusk. Then I hauled myself up the bank, climbed a tree and fastened myself there with straps from my rucksack. And there I slept.

At dawn I awoke, rigid with cold, and called for Willem.

Then I remembered he was dead and set off once more. It was 11 days before I felt confident enough to face comparative civilisation again.

I came across some forest rangers and told them I had been hired to work at a timber camp at Orsay, which I knew was not far away. Without any questions they put me up for the night in their log cabin.

Next morning I had a steam bath. A young man called

'Why does a Jew want to help a German?'

After years on the run from a Russian slave camp Clemens Forell was like a hunted animal. He trusted no one. In this dramatic picture Arthur Wragg shows Forell face to face with a man who said he was a friend. This is Clemens Forell's own story of that strange encounter.

Clemens Forell's escape story is told by J. M. Bauer in "As Far As My Feet Will Carry Me" (Deutsch, 15s.).

Mihail poured buckets of water on hot tiles and I stood there naked, relaxed, almost happy.

Suddenly I noticed Mihail studying my spare frame. "Been slimming?" he said.

"I've been ill," I said shortly. He shrugged. "You won't get far in that state." The tone of his voice scared me. I felt sure this young man had guessed my secret. Maybe he was a police spy. . . I decided to leave as quickly as possible.

But Mihail, to my horror, decided to show me on my way. We walked in silence for about a quarter of an hour and then he said quietly to me: "You're no Russian. You're German. South German, in fact. Probably Tyrol."

It was no use blushing. Wearily I said: "My family came from the Tyrol. What about it?"

"Only this," said Mihail. "My father was born in Vienna. He was taken prisoner by the Russians in 1914 and became a

Soviet citizen after the Revolution.

"Now he's a baker in Abakan, about 600 miles west of here. If you ever get that far, look him up and he may be able to help you. His name is Leopold Messmer and his shop is in the Street of the October Revolution."

I was strangely moved. I had travelled over 2,500 miles since I had slipped away from the lead mine and, this was the first time anyone had ever given me the name and address of someone who would help me.

After a time the wilderness faded. I came to farms, robbed food from the fields and, after about 12 weeks, reached the outskirts of Abakan.

I set out once more, moving along paths Mihail had told me to follow through the timber lands.

But the very next day I had to take cover again.

I ran up against a forced labour camp for women.

LIKE MEN

They were dressed just like men in threadbare trousers and lumber jackets, and yet they were still typically feminine. They could not stop talking.

Although they had to work hard, chopping wood inside the barbed-wire fences of the camp, their chatter was endless.

Fascinated I crouched in the undergrowth listening to them. Once something made them all laugh and tears came to my eyes. So people could still laugh.

That evening the prisoners were herded indoors. The lights went on in their huts and once more I heard snatches of conversation.

It was like a dream. Here was proof that the world of men and women, laughter and warmth, still existed. And yet I could be no part of it.

But by the time it was completely dark all sentiment vanished.

I crept into the camp, forced a window with my axe and plundered a food store.

Then I was off again . . . marching . . . marching . . . marching.

TERRIFIED

Leopold Messmer's shop was a modest building. He opened the door himself and invited me in when I said that I had a message from his son.

But when I told him I was an escaped prisoner from Cape East, he began to tremble. I could see he was terrified.

"I can't help you," he stammered. "It's too dangerous. You can't stay here. Look—take these clothes and go."

I took the clothes without a word of thanks. I felt only a burning contempt for this frightened little baker who would not help a fellow-countryman in peril.

From Abakan I headed for the Urals border. It was hundreds of miles to the south-west, but it was safer than Mongolia.

I decided on a plan which I felt sure would help me travel unashamedly as a beggar.

I shuffled from town to town, dragging a home-made sledge behind me. I was a whining, tottering scarecrow, whom nobody knew and nobody wanted to know.

Hitching and walking and begging I reached Uspensk, about 800 miles from Abakan.

There—for now I had no scruples—I robbed 1,100 roubles from a railway booking office

clerk and scrambled on to a freight train that was going west.

For three weeks I lay low in that train, as it clunked and shuddered its way across Russia. When it reached Novo-Kazanka, on the Aral Sea, I jumped down and slouched to the bazaar to buy some food.

I had finished my shopping and was swallowing a vodka when I heard a voice that sent a chill down my spine.

A man whispered: "Hey, you! Come with me."

Slowly I finished my drink. But I didn't turn round—because the man had spoken in German. I tensed and prepared to fight my way out of a trap.

"Yes, I mean you. Come with me."

Slowly I turned, as if I were looking round the bazaar. I saw a small man standing close to me. He seemed to be alone.

"I'm sorry," I said in Russian. "I don't speak your language."

A pair of piercing blue eyes gazed at me from a keen, Jewish face. "It's German, the same as yours," he said. "I want to help you."

"I HATE THEM!"

I studied him and decided I could kill him easily if he became troublesome. Then I followed him without a word to the outskirts of the town.

We stopped at a shabby house. The Jew ushered me in and I found it was furnished luxuriously. I sank into a huge arm-chair and asked rudely: "Why does a Jew want to help a German?"

"I am an Armenian," he said simply. "My country is ruled by the Soviets and therefore I

-but I smell a trap

3,000 MILES
OF PERIL—NOW
EVERY MAN
WAS AN ENEMY

"In Uralsk you will go to Mikhail Ivanovitch Slatin, 42, Stranekaya Avenue. Your code word is 'Starchoy'."

I thanked him and left. And, as I walked away, all the mistrust that had seared my mind since my escape surged up within me.

"He's a Jew," I told myself. "He must be trying to trick me. And now all this nonsense about Uralsk..."

I forgot his hospitality, his gifts, the way he had sheltered me. I headed south for the Iranian border, turning my back on Uralsk.

STARVING

That was in February, 1932, two years and four months after my escape. In June I was back in Novo-Kazanka, knocking at the Armenian Jew's door.

My clothes were in tatters. I was starving. I had reached the frontier and had found it black with troops, thick with watchtowers. I had barely escaped with my life.

Calmly the Jew brought me into his house. I told him what had happened. My apologies tumbled out.

"I had a feeling you wouldn't accept my word," he said. "Now let's get you fit again."

That took three weeks. Again I thanked my friend—and this time I showed away on a freight train heading north for Uralsk and Mikhail Ivanovitch Slatin.

He lived in a tumble-down tenement that smelled of garlic and sweat. And he questioned me for half an hour before he was satisfied that I was not a Soviet agent.

Then he said: "Your next stop is the Kizna-Zeldin vegetable farm on the outskirts of Aleksandrov-Gay, about 150 miles south-west of here. The password is the same—'Starchoy'."

I went to the market to buy a box of matches. And there I lingered for a while, though all my instincts told me I should be on my way.

INSTINCTS

My instincts were right. Soon I realised I was being followed—by a girl in late twenties.

I was sure she was a police spy. I twisted and turned up and down side streets and thought I had lost her. Then I saw her coming towards me, blindly, as if I wasn't there.

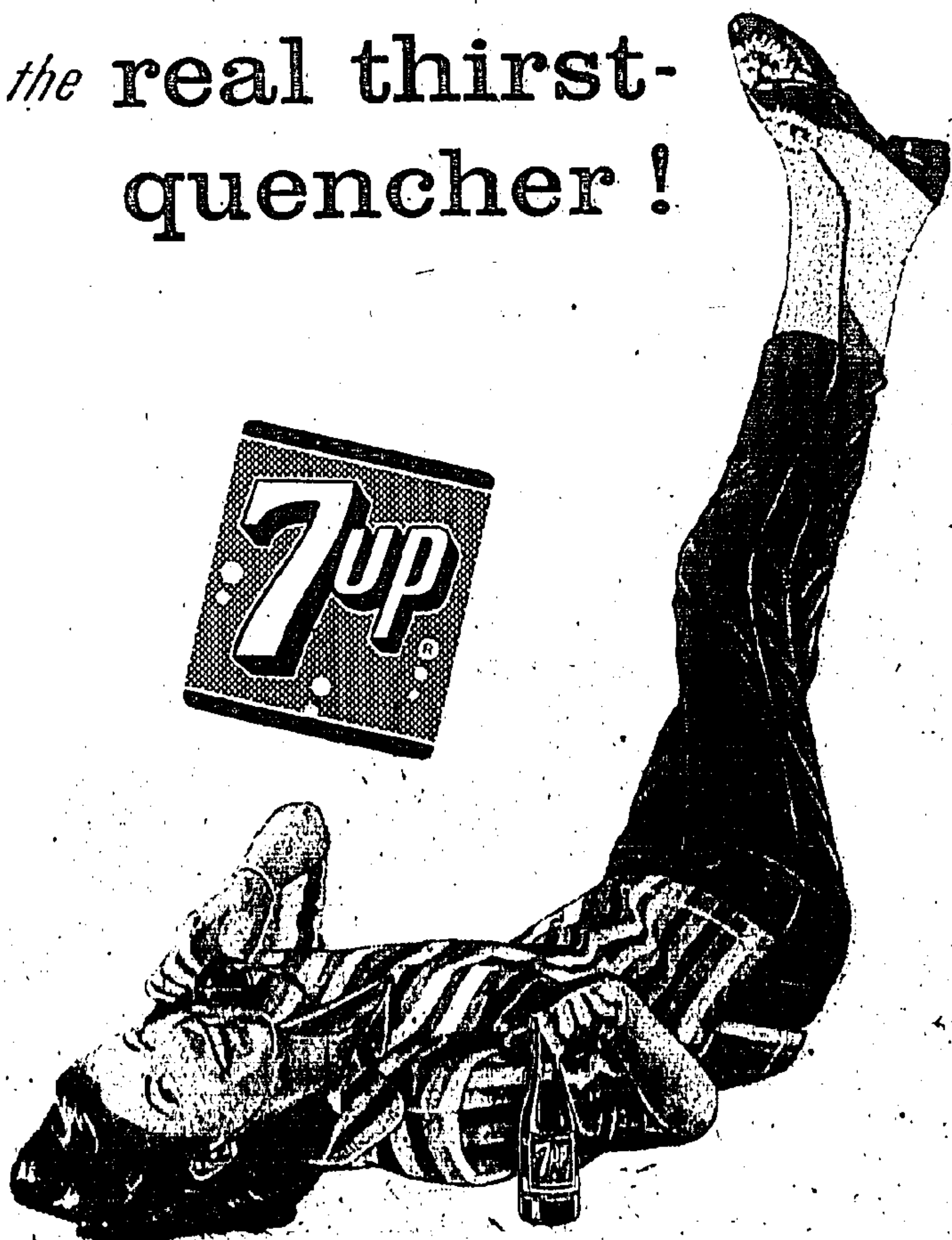
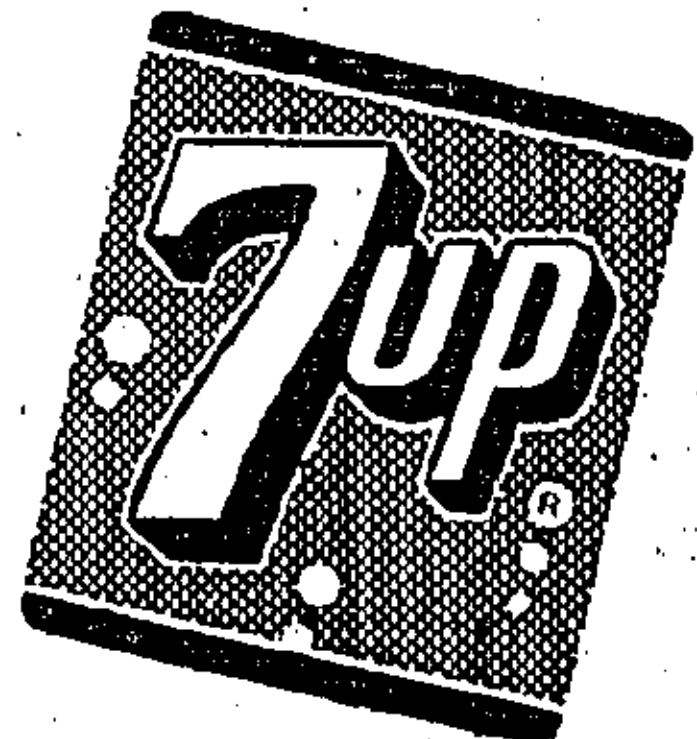
Before I could get out of her way she bumped right into me—and apologised in German. Automatically the German response—bitte—sprang from my lips.

I had fallen for the oldest trick in the game. I had been trapped by a slip of a girl.

NEXT WEEK:

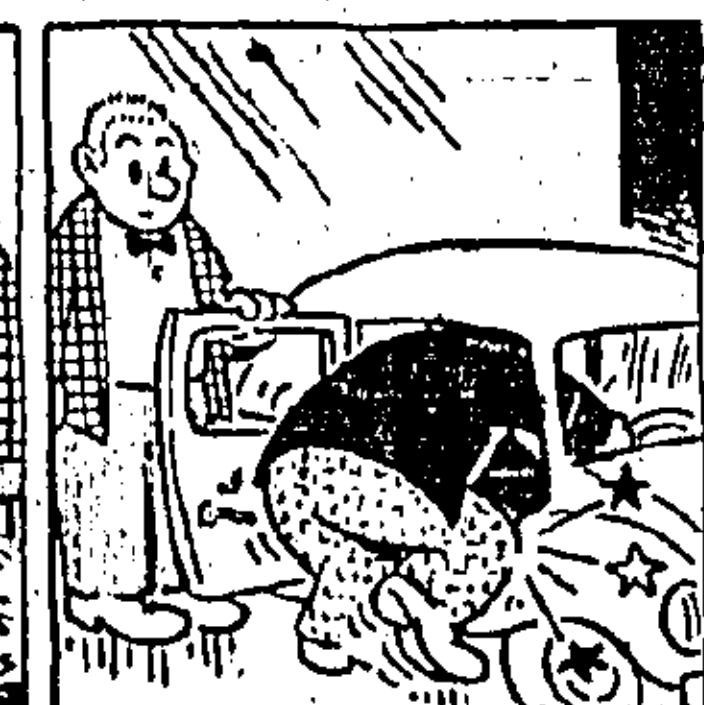
By a dramatic twist of fate, I got over the border and am arrested as a Soviet spy.

the real thirst-quencher!



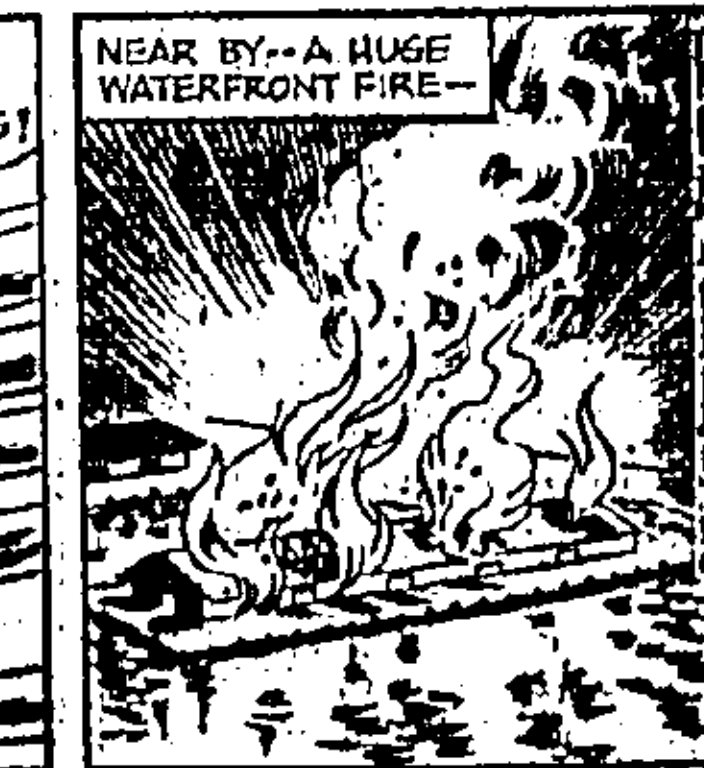
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HI-HO! I'M OFF TO A DUDE RANCH

... WHERE THE LITTLE

OLD COW-PONIES

SHOW HOW

TO HANDLE ALL

THOSE

PLAYTIME COWBOYS



Golden Canyon Dude Ranch.
WHILE I was packing to leave the Old West a package arrived from Dodge City. It contained a silver badge, star shaped, and bore the inscription: "Don Iddon, L.D.M., Marshal of Dodge City." The L.D.M. means London Daily Mail.

Now, being made a marshal of Dodge is not quite the same as being a marshal of the French Army and considerably short of being a field-marshal in the British Army.

But it is something, and I out-ran, raw men I met on the range. The most famous dude in America is a genuine one—Lucius Beebe, an old friend, whom I first met when he was a columnist on the New York Herald-Tribune. Lucius, who, typically, went to both Harvard and Yale, was the salon and saloon exquise of Manhattan, a most elegant man at the fashionable bars of the first night, the exclusive parties. But he decided (he is a wealthy man) to go West and he has taken to the steers and a sort of super-sheep's dress and now publishes and edits in Virginia City, Nevada, a famous newspaper, the Territorial Enterprise, on which Mark Twain used to work.

A LETTER

I EXPECT the badge will help to fix parking tickets and en-titled me to subside any quarrel, not that I have seen any in the long journey which has taken me to 11 States and covered 6,000 miles.

I also received a letter from the South-West Milk Producers' Association, whose legend is: "All that we have we owe to udders."

I am winding-up the Western series on a dude ranch, but I have given a fictitious name to the ranch and called the locale because I want to write frankly without getting anyone into trouble.

My friends on the real ranches and in Dodge and Wichita had warned me: "Dude ranches are as phony as a three-dollar bill (there is no such United States currency) and you will be as out of place as a milk-pail under a bull. You have seen ranches and ranches don't go for the Hollywood stuff."

But in a way the dude ranch (there are hundreds scattered across the country) is plain proof of the grip the West has on the American nation. For well-dressed business men, who have never been west of Chicago, dress themselves in chaps, check shirt, kerchief and stetson, pay 20 dollars a day to sit on a 50-dollar saddle and dream that they are back in the heroic past, the Old West, the wild and woolly West.

They are cowboy counterfeits, spurious and rather ludicrous, with no resemblance to the fac-

torious, shop, and... flirt with the dudes. I avoid these places as I once stayed in such a mantrap before and have hardly got over the experience. The dude ranches of Wyoming appeal to me because of the vast solitude of the State, but Wyoming is between seasons. California I considered, but I am always dropping in and out of Hollywood and Beverly Hills so I thought I'd start the truck east and drop in at a likely prospect. The literature from the travel agents made me shudder. "Howdy, Podner, Hilda" by. Join our Western gang. Always friendly and informal. Don't be a dud, be a dude. Parties, parties everywhere. Why settle for less than the best. Hidden Valley. Bill's Bridle. Round-up Ranch. Have fun, chum," etc. Romance for lonely girls or single men, swimming pools, archery, moonlit rides were also offered. Actually the dude ranches which I visited turned out to be less vulgar than I imagined.

The one I am staying at is most reasonable. Only 15 dollars a day for private room and bath, three meals, and as much horse-riding as I want. There is a swimming pool, a trout stream, and the surrounding country is green and lovely.

PHONEY

VIRGINIA CITY is utterly unlike Dodge City. There is hardly anything but saloons: The Bucket of Blood, The Suicide Table, The Crystal Bar, The Sawdust Saloon. This, perhaps is the phoney West... but I like it.

The dudes abound and Reno, the divorce and gambling capital until Las Vegas overtook it, is only half an hour's drive away, along a winding road through the sun-baked sierras. The outskirts of Reno provide a special sort of dude ranch—a place where women, waiting out their six weeks' residence requirement before getting their quickie divorce, ride, play cards, flirt with the dudes and cow-boys, gossip, drink, swim, flirt with the dudes drive their con-

vertibles, shop, and... flirt with the dudes. I avoid these places as I once stayed in such a mantrap before and have hardly got over the experience.

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TOLERABLE

SO, given luck and not too impressive a crowd of city people trying to be at home on the range, or two as a dude can be tolerable. The horses are nice anyway, and very well-behaved. They wouldn't, or couldn't throw an old woman of 80.

The most important member of a dude ranch is the dude wrangler, or dude jangler. He leads his parties out on the

HOW WILD IS THE WILD WEST?

By DON IDDON

cowpokes such as I met in Oklahoma, and Kansas. The real cowpuncher wants no part of the dude ranch, although there are a few exceptions.

The elite of the wranglers prefer the horses to the customers. "A dude horse has to put up with more than any other horse in the world, including those in the bullrings. He's got to know all types, from fat fools from Wall Street to little children and you can throw in a few dizzy dames for good measure. You know what makes the best dude horse? Why, an old cow-pony. You bet, the little old cow-pony can handle them all."

NO SIGN

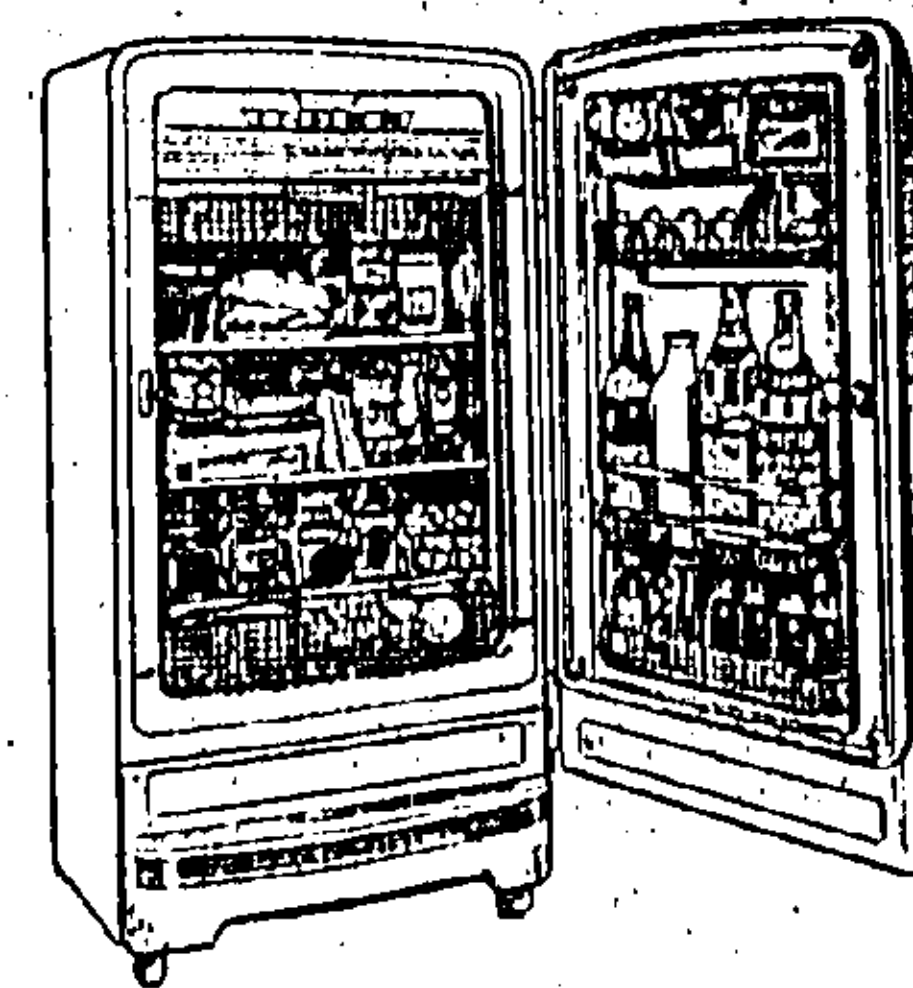
THE wrangler is worth 100 dollars a week and keeps—incidentally, just about twice what the Kansas cowhands get. The success of the dude ranch shows there is no sign that this American absorption in the West is diminishing. I believe it to be growing.

The cowboy is the master symbol of hundred per cent Americanism and hundreds of thousands of American males are making themselves in his image at least during their vacation.

It is a curious phenomenon, but not one to sneer at. I suppose I have seen more of the West during the past two weeks than ever before. I love the cowboy who turns out to have a million dollars back East and can't wait to marry them. Few wranglers are honest to earth.

THE END

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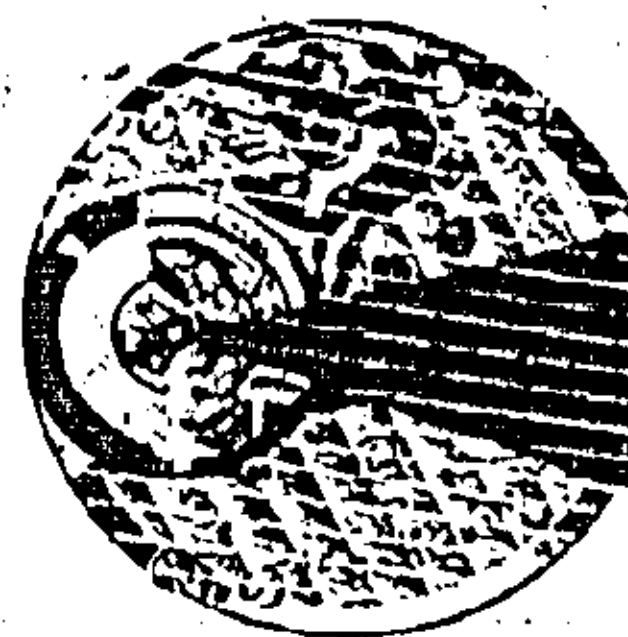
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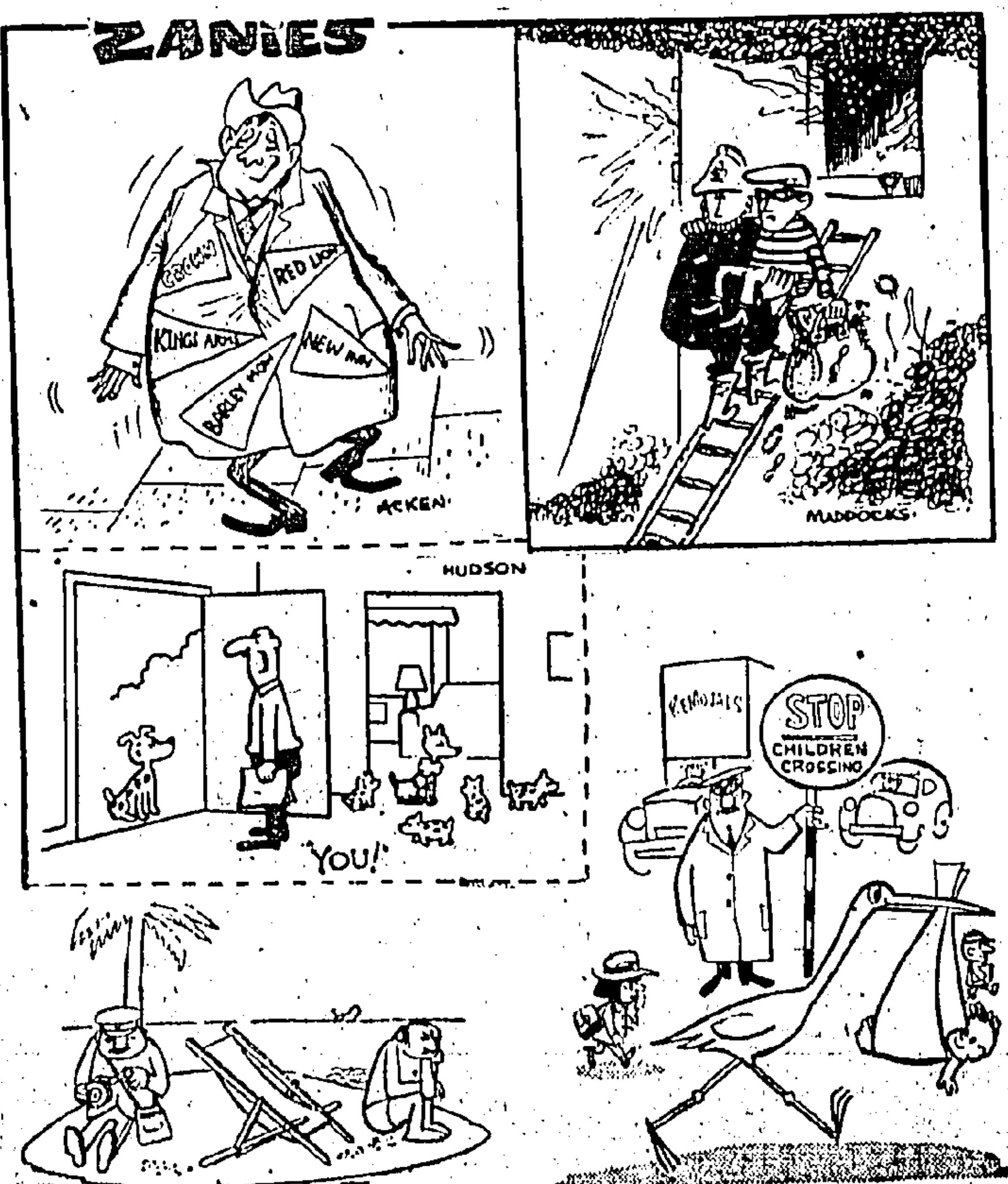
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UNIVERSAL
GENEVE



Don't forget to watch the sky!

by Chapman Pincher

THE ton-and-a-quarter Sputnik now circling the earth is unquestionable evidence that the Russians have a substantial lead over the United States in the race to land an unmanned rocket on the moon.

I sincerely hope they hold this lead and win the race by a comfortable margin. This may sound heretical but I say it for a purely pro-British reason. For I believe that this further Soviet triumph over the Americans could bring lasting benefits to Britain which may not be gained without it.

Let me explain. The Russian scientific victory in putting up the first Sputnik sent an almost supreme shock-wave of alarm throughout the United States.

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Sacrifice Bid Pans Out Well

By OSWALD JACOBY

TAKE a look at the South hand only. The game is duplicate and East has raised West's opening heart bid to two.

Duplicate or not, you certainly should try to get of sorts and your best choice is to bid two spades in spite of the nine-high suit. West jumps to four hearts and the bid is back to you again. Now, what do you do?

When Myrna Verner of Tahlequah, Tex., held this hand she decided to bid four spades. Her

NORTH 17	
♠ A 2	♥ Q 2
♦ 10 6 5 2	♣ Q 4
WEST (D)	
♠ Q 3	♥ K J 10
♦ A K 10 7 2	♣ Q J 8 5 4
♠ K Q 7	♥ 8 4
♦ A 2	♣ 5 3
SOUTH	
♠ 9 8 7 6 5 4	♥ None
♦ A 3	♣ K J 10 8 7
East and West vulnerable	
West North East South	
1♥ Pass 2♥ 2♠	
4♥ Pass Pass 4♠	
Double Pass Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♥K	

opponents had bid decisively and confidently and it appeared to her that they would be able to make their contract. In that case they would score at least 620 points and Myrna could afford to take a three-trick set.

If West had chosen to go on to five hearts, Myrna's gamble would have done her no good. North would have opened the ace of spades and West would have made five odd.

As it was West chose to double and opened the king of hearts. Myrna ruffed that lead and played ace and one spade. With trumps breaking three-two, she was able to escape with the loss of two trump tricks, two club and one diamond and had managed to save a game at the trifling cost of 100 points. A mighty good result in any type of bridge game.

CARD SEMI

Q—The bidding has been:
East South West North
2♠ Pass Pass 4♥
Pass ?

You, South, hold:
♠ A 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 ♠ A 2 3 4
What do you do?
A—Bid four spades. Your partner has not passed and there may well be a game. If not, he can always sign off at five hearts and this ought to be safe.

TODAY'S QUESTION
Your partner continues with a bid of five diamonds. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

Sensations of Sport By John Cottrell

THE LONG COUNT

As every schoolboy knows, it is a cardinal rule of boxing that when a man is knocked down by a legitimate blow and stays down for ten seconds, he is considered beaten.

Yet, on September 22, 1927, the heavyweight champion of the world was on the canvas for at least fourteen seconds. And he won the fight!

The champion was Gene Tunney. And the man who toppled him was Jack Dempsey, the ferocious ex-hobo who had previously held the world heavyweight title for seven glorious, dollar-spinning years.

Their second meeting, which will be forever known as the Battle of the Long Count, produced one of the most hotly-debated incidents in boxing history.

It happened at Soldier's Field, Chicago. A crowd of 104,944 boxing fans smashed all records by paying 2,858,000 dollars to see the fight, for this was a contest which promised to provide one of the greatest battles of all time.

One year earlier almost to the day, the Manassa Mauler, as Jack Dempsey was popularly known, had lost his world title in Philadelphia. He had started 5-1 favourite and been humbled by a man who was generally considered a second-rater.

Dempsey's defeat by Tunney caused the biggest boxing sensation since James J. Corbett knocked out John L. Sullivan in 1892. The millions who favoured the Manassa Mauler were amazed. They thought their man was invincible.

The majority could not accept that Tunney was really the

better man. And now, as they met for the second time, there was a popular expectation that Dempsey would give Tunney the thrashing of his young life.

The fans not only expected this. They yearned for it. For Jack Dempsey was one of the most popular of all heavyweight champions. His supporters adored him for his savage purposefulness in the ring and his easy sociability out of it.

Tunney, on the other hand, was a better defensive boxer than an aggressive fighter. Out of the ring, this Shakespearean-looking, ex-Marine was Garbo of his profession, preferring to be alone with a good book than in anyone's company.

This was the first time that Tunney had defended his world title. And the big question was: Could Jack Dempsey become the first man to regain the heavyweight championship of the world?

Before the end of the evening he was to come within an ace of achieving the feat which has eluded all heavyweight champions before and since.

As was his custom, the Manassa Mauler stepped into the ring with three days' growth of black beard. His black trunks

gleamed against a sun-tanned torso.

Tunney, the complete antithesis of Dempsey, was clean-shaven and pink-skinned. He wore white trunks.

From the first bell Dempsey made it clear that he was out for revenge, that his sole purpose was to batter his rival into submission. He scorned preliminary sparring and went straight into the offensive. He was the charging bull; Tunney, the elusive matador.

But try as he would, the Manassa Mauler couldn't pin his man down. When Dempsey attacked the body, Tunney went into a clinch. When Dempsey produced his most dangerous weapon—the sleep-making left hook—Tunney danced lightly out of range.

Remarkably fleet of foot, the ex-Marine was constantly on the move. And while his mastery of defensive boxing kept him out of trouble, he was always scoring with stabbing lefts to Dempsey's face.

In round two, Tunney rocked the challenger with a short right to the chin. In the third, a slugging left brought blood oozing from Dempsey's nose. In the fourth, a series of well-placed body punches put pinkness into Dempsey's ribs. In the fifth, a cut appeared about the ex-champion's left eyebrow.

At nine, Gene Tunney was on his feet and working them over-time to box his way out of trouble. Only his tactical skill kept him out of further trouble until the bell tolled the end of the round—the only one that Dempsey won convincingly.

Round six, and it was the mixture as before, with Dempsey showing many signs of the severe punishment he had taken. Only by a knock-out, could he now hope to save the fight.

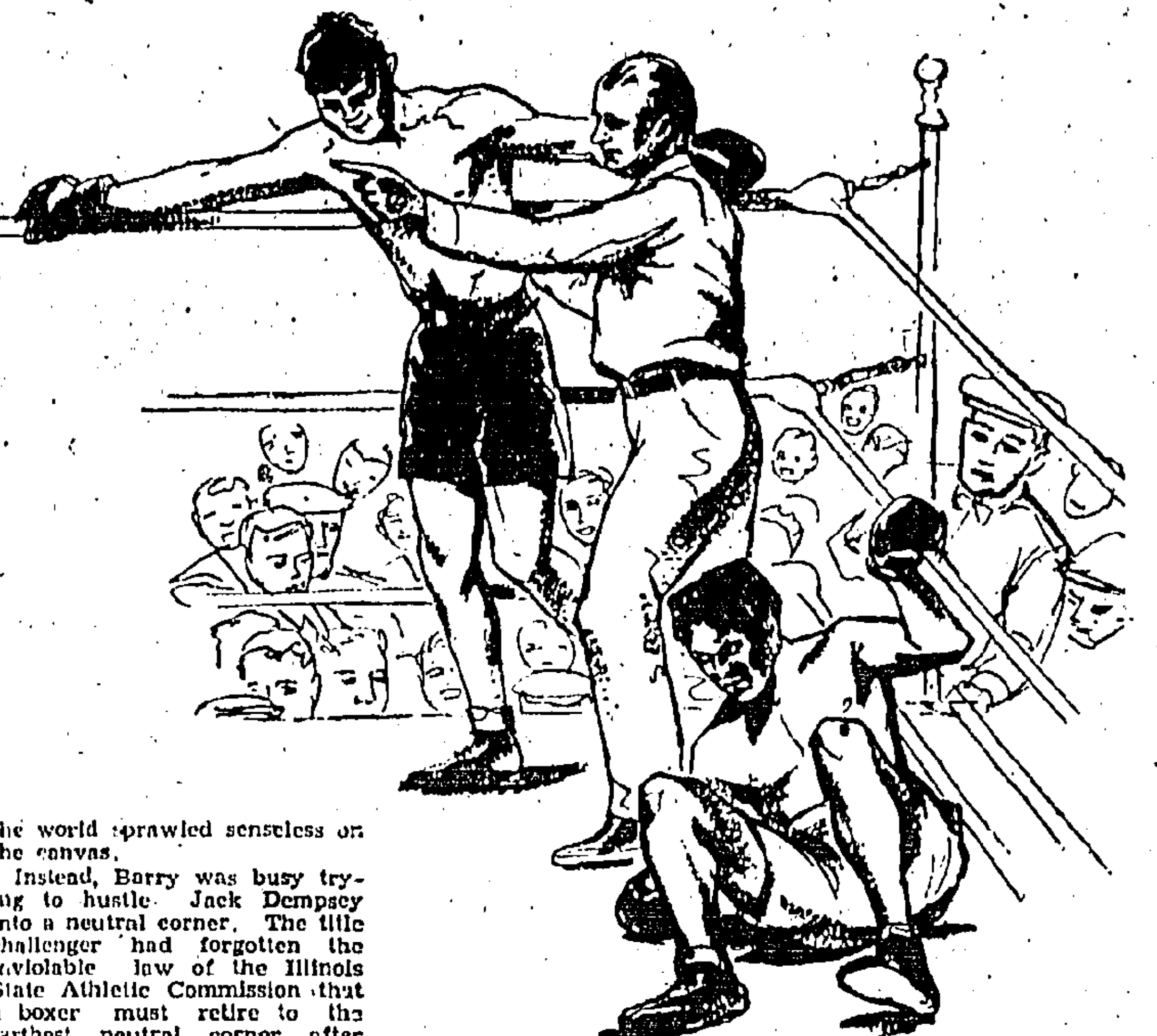
Round seven, and out came the battered, bleeding idol of the boxing world—still, incredibly, on the attack. This granite-jawed man was tough. Far from being dismayed, he tried desperately to land one mighty punch on this shadow called Tunney—the punch that could make him world champion again.

At last, his chance came. For one second Tunney left his jaw unguarded as he came off the ropes. Out flashed that famous Dempsey left-hook, smack on the jaw. A colossal right exploded on Tunney's jaw and lifted him off his feet.

The world champion sagged to the floor, clutching desperately with his left hand on the middle rope. He was down for the first time in his career and looked as if he would stay there.

All eyes turned to the referee as the crowd awaited the vital count.

But, to everyone's amazement, referee Dave Barry did not begin to count. Timekeeper Beeler, at the ringside, was counting. But at Barry. He did not swing his arm once as the heavyweight champion of



the world sprawled senseless on the canvas.

Instead, Barry was busy trying to hustle Jack Dempsey into a neutral corner. The title challenger had forgotten the inviolable law of the Illinois State Athletic Commission that a boxer must retire to the farthest neutral corner after falling his opponent.

In the excitement of the moment with victory seeming so close at hand, the ex-world champion was jiggling around only a few feet away from Tunney. He was impatient for the kill and it took Barry at least four, possibly six seconds, to usher him to the correct corner.

All this time the crowd was screaming for the count. But Barry, magnificently cool and collected, was intent on enforcing the law. Only after Dempsey was in the proper position did he begin his famous count.

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argument has raged. Was the referee right in his action? Did it really affect the outcome of the contest?

In my view the referee was absolutely right. He was sticking strictly to the rules; no more and no less could be expected of him. Both Dempsey and Tunney had been carefully reminded about the neutral corner ruling before the fight.

But this much cannot be disputed: Tunney, a former 28-a-week shipping clerk, was one of the shrewdest men ever to don boxing gloves for the purpose of making money.

At the age of 31, and after defending his world title only twice, he retired, an undefeated and unmarked champion, and one of the richest pugilists in history. He received the record sum of \$373,400 for his second fight with Dempsey. Today, he is a millionaire businessman.

Did Barry's action affect the outcome of the fight? It seems we shall never have a satisfactory answer. Opinions, yes; but never proof.

Tunney has given this explanation: "Sure I stayed down a long time. Jack was a friend of mine. He looked in and shape when he knocked me down. So I figured I would stay down as long as possible to let him get his breath back."

He has also said: "Any boxer with common sense takes full advantage of the knock-down rules. If I wanted to, I could have got up at 'four'—or at any other time."

Thousands of admirers of Dempsey would disagree with this statement.

Instead of starting his count, referee Barry was busy trying to hustle Jack Dempsey into a neutral corner.

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BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

A STERN critic rebukes a young man who thinks it smart to wear his hats tilted over one ear. But the really saucy fellow is his whose bowler is tilted forwards over his forehead.

Hoping to be mistaken for a Guards officer, he slopes arms with his neatly rolled umbrella, and says, "Carry on, Sergeant-Major!" at every break in a conversation. "Ma," says some foolish and impressionable girl, "Pray limit Roy a busy for the winter."

Nothing to do with me

WOULD you like to win an airliner, three weeks on Lake Como, a Ming vase, 20 tons of lard, two dog kennels, a snakeskin hat, a ticket for the Derby, a pet, lion-cub, a saw-

mill, a soup tureen, and a skating rink? If you would, don't pester me about it.

Literary news

LITTLE radishes steeped in Strega were served at the cocktail party for the launching of Moon's Guide's new novel, "Fear Me Not." Each of the 350 guests was offered, on arrival, a copy of the book, at its published price, 18s. 6d. Two hundred and eighty-three refused to buy it, seven haggled and got it for 15s, and the rest, lying ungraciously, said they'd already ordered it. A number of reviewers present sold their review copies cheap to other guests. The happiest guest was a man who was given a copy by a timid lady who had been forced to buy it, sold it to an inexperienced youngster, refused to accept the author's autograph, and drank the cocktails of five people who were waiting in a queue to be presented to Miss Giffie.

Still wines run deep

DEAR Captain Foulencough, The nation need know nothing of our deal, as I am laying down for my own use a fair amount of cough-mixture, in case I catch this cough that's going round; and also to supply some of the senior masters, who complain that Bess charges too much. Take care to label the cases correctly, as the last lot, by some absurd error, was labelled as wine, and the pipette, son of the proprietor of a temperance hotel, elabored to the Governors.

Yours sincerely, Alexander Smart-Allick

TARGET

S	I	A
R	T	V
E	E	S

HOW many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the above word? The letters in each word must be used only once. Each word must contain the large letter in the centre square, and there must be at least one nine-letter word in the lot. No plurals, no foreign words, no proper nouns. TODAY'S TARGET: 22 words, good; 44 words, excellent. Solution on Monday.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: Across: 1. (4) BIRD; 2. (4) BIRD; 3. (4) BIRD; 4. (4) BIRD; 5. (4) BIRD; 6. (4) BIRD; 7. (4) BIRD; 8. (4) BIRD; 9. (4) BIRD; 10. (4) BIRD; 11. (4) BIRD; 12. (4) BIRD; 13. (4) BIRD; 14. (4) BIRD; 15. (4) BIRD; 16. (4) BIRD; 17. (4) BIRD; 18. (4) BIRD; 19. (4) BIRD; 20. (4) BIRD; 21. (4) BIRD; 22. (4) BIRD; 23. (4) BIRD; 24. (4) BIRD; 25. (4) BIRD; 26. (4) BIRD; 27. (4) BIRD; 28. (4) BIRD; 29. (4) BIRD; 30. (4) BIRD; 31. (4) BIRD; 32. (4) BIRD; 33. (4) BIRD; 34. (4) BIRD; 35. (4) BIRD; 36. (4) BIRD; 37. (4) BIRD; 38. (4) BIRD; 39. (4) BIRD; 40. (4) BIRD; 41. (4) BIRD; 42. (4) BIRD; 43. (4) BIRD; 44. (4) BIRD; 45. (4) BIRD; 46. (4) BIRD; 47. (4) BIRD; 48. (4) BIRD; 49. (4) BIRD; 50. (4) BIRD; 51. (4) BIRD; 52. (4) BIRD; 53. (4) BIRD; 54. (4) BIRD; 55. (4) BIRD; 56. (4) BIRD; 57. (4) BIRD; 58. (4) BIRD; 59. (4) BIRD; 60. (4) BIRD; 61. (4) BIRD; 62. (4) BIRD; 63. (4) BIRD; 64. (4) BIRD; 65. (4) BIRD; 66. (4) BIRD; 67. (4) BIRD; 68. (4) BIRD; 69. (4) BIRD; 70. 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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

cool or warm: which are you?

WARM BLONDE: SHE'S LOVELY AND KNOWS IT!

YOU might think that attempting to divide women into two types is more reckless than even a woman would dare to do. But when those two types are cool and warm, and when you make allowances for the colour of a girl's hair, you'd be surprised how revealing the evidence can be. That is what this inquiry is doing. Maybe you'll find yourself here (men will certainly find somebody in THEIR lives to fit), then you'll be discovering more about yourself than you ever guessed.

SIX WHOSE FACES FIT THE FORMULA



MONROE DESMOND DONLAN DOCKER MANSFIELD BARDOT

By Patricia Lewis

SHE should be the happiest of women—the warm, curvy, pleasure-loving blonde—because she's the most completely feminine of all types.

Her road in life is clear-cut. She just has to be her soft, cuddly, bubbling self and there'll always be a man around to open doors, carry her parcels, see her through Customs, and, eventually, to pick up her bills.

She loves people, parties, crowds, and the good things in life. Therefore people, parties, crowds love her.

She's vain about her looks—but after years of flattery and adoration she's come to rely on them, rightly, as the secret of her popularity. She's an exhibitionist... with no qualms about entering a bathing beauty

contest, posing for pin-ups, or giving her all at an audition. Strangely, perhaps, other women like her—probably because they secretly admire her lack of guile and the way she makes such a success of being simply, honestly, and cutely female.

★ ★ ★
THE Warm Blonde is smaller-boned, smaller-featured—but more fleshy—than the Cool Blonde. Her hair is springier, her walk is bouncier. She has a honey skin, round eyes—often hazel or tomoz-coloured—and full lips that can pout charmingly.

She often has to tint her hair to stop it dulling into "warm

mouse" and she must sometimes diet to keep her curves from thickening into plumpness. But she'll gladly spend hours at the hairdresser's and days on lemon juice to preserve her attractions.

There's an aura of glamour about the Warm Blonde. She'll buy lots of clothes, lots of shoes and—though she seldom wears one—lots of hats. She's too inclined to over-dress to be really chic but her taste has been developed to please the men and she knows they usually find true elegance rather hard and forbidding.

Famous faces like Monroe's, Bardot's, Lorraine Desmond's and Milla Maynard's automatically spring to mind when Warm Blondes are the subject, and, of course, that outstanding brown-eyed girl with the platinum hair—Jayne Mansfield.

I asked her how she felt about being classed as a Warm Blonde.

"Oh, I'm gl-a-a-a I'm warm," she breathed, looking down modestly at the orange mules



ROBB... presents the typical Warm Blonde—honey skin, round eyes, and lips that can pout charmingly. She's vain, with good reason.

that matched her clinging dress of orange and white striped jersey.

"I think my sort of blonde has a quite distinctive personality," she continued thoughtfully. "We may have a more obvious way of displaying our femininity, but I think that's because we like getting an immediate reaction from people."

★ ★ ★
CHARACTERISTICALLY, Miss Mansfield has a weakness for light colours.

"I'm happier in pastels," she said. "Blacks, browns, and tans tend to depress me—though they do seem more correct for London."

"My favourite colour's pink—I love pink champagne, pink fox fur, and I have a beautiful pink mink."

When she returns to Hollywood Miss Mansfield and her husband, Mickey Heston, will set about redecorating their new eight-bedroomed, 13-bath-roomed house.

"In pink?"

"Well, the bedroom definitely," she told me. "I'm having pink mirrored ceiling and walls... a pink, Texas-size bed... pink teddy-bear rugs... and the curtains will be gown with pink maribou feathers so they'll flutter in the breeze."

The range of pink jewels being somewhat limited, I wondered how Miss Mansfield coped in that department.

"Oh, I like all jewellery," she gurgled. "As long as it's real."

When it comes to real jewellery, the collection belonging to Lady Docker takes some beating.

Even with a two-piece of diamond-blue tweed she was wearing emerald and diamond earrings, pearls, and twin bracelets of huge square-cut diamonds and emeralds on the afternoon we met.

"My husband likes me to wear emeralds," she said. "Though personally I prefer sapphires. I suppose every blonde does."

"Yes, I like my clothes to be blue too. But I'm very fond of all pastels; and white. Bright colours are not for me. There's a red suit hanging up in my wardrobe now which I wore once and never again."

True to type, Norah Docker sits to the styles that suit her, no matter what the latest "fash" may be. Not caring for strictly tailored clothes she orders her things to be made with soft, dressmaker touches for day and evening. Her hair, too, is always soft, feathery, and set in the same manner.

A celebrated party-giver and high-liver she admits having to watch her figure.

"I sometimes fluctuate by over a stone," she smiled. "Fortunately I find that worry makes me gain weight. Since all this Riviera and Copri business I'm sure I've put on pounds!"

★ ★ ★
ANOTHER Warm Blonde we all know is Yolanda Donlan. Miss Donlan—the perfect example of a dumb blonde who isn't—has a quick wit and the ability to laugh at herself that's so endearing.

"My hair's been every colour," she told me gaily. "I've darkened it down and lightened it up depending on my mood. You know I went all studious and serious when I was a brunette... and my most frivolous time was when I was a red-head. But I'm happiest—and more successful—as a blonde. It means I can look my best in my favourite pastels too. Only trouble is, every time I change my hair I have to re-decorate... my old burgundy walls were a murderous background for a blonde."

The Donlan decor is now in sweet-pea shades of mauve. A bit larger-than-life and feeding the creature comforts to coast her into happiness the lucky Warm Blonde usually finds all the good things come to her easily.

If, however, any man should discover his own Warm Blonde not quite content, I can only warn him woman ever is!

Make the most of yourself

HAVE you looked in the mirror and decided this part of the inquiry is all about you? Then read what the experts say you should do to keep up that high standard of allure.

MAKE-UP. Mary Wood says: "A honey-toned skin is usually more greasy than a pale, fine-textured complexion, so it can take more direct sun and is less inclined to line. But a mild astringent and nourishing eye-cream are still important. The brows are usually well-arched and can be darkened slightly with grey pencil. Powder should be pinky-brown deepening to golden-brown if you can. Rouge must be sparing and very pale. Coral-red or russet lip-sticks are excellent—though a warm rose without any blue is needed when you wear pink."

HAIR. André Bernard says: "A short hair-style with plenty of movement rather than actual curl is the most becoming—a sort of carefully-careless look."

CLOTHES. Harrell says: "I love Warm Blondes in turquoise, lilac, and rose-pink. They can also wear azalea colours and white—but they look their prettiest in all the soft rainbow shades."

SCENT. Douglas Collins says: "Nothing too strong or murky—rather some scent with a rose or jasmine top-note. I would think 'Arpege' or 'Black Rose' are just right."

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 28

BORN today, you are particularly talented in music and literature. Yet, since you also have dramatic ability, you might utilise your gifts for the stage, screen, radio or television. You have originality of presentation which should place you among the leaders in the world of ideas. In addition, you have good business ability so that you are not one to starve for your art in an attic. You expect that art should be paid for—just like talent in any other business. It is likely that you will become wealthy as well as famous. Actually, you dislike business detail, so you will be happiest if you have someone manage your affairs for you. But it is likely that you will be one to make the decisions.

Hard work, of course, pays good dividends, but there is such a thing as good fortune giving you the original opportunity. The stars were smiling when you were born, for you appear to have cycles of extra-special good luck. One of these times is likely to be the third week in October each year. Keep an eye out for something particularly exciting to happen to you around that time. If an exceptional opportunity does arise, when you will know exactly what to do with your good-luck day.

You women have a definite style sense and are fond of good clothes and fine jewels. You are highly adaptable, socially, and probably will have a full social life. Rather fond of rich foods, you may need to watch your diet during middle life if you want to keep that girlish figure!

Among those born on this date were: Otto Sillner, actor; John Wesley, founder of Methodism; King Henry VIII of England; Luigi Pirandello, dramatist; Floyd Dell and Jean Jacques Rousseau, authors; and Mary Antoinette Anderson, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 29

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Sedate spiritual guidance and then follow through with your plans for the rest of the day. Avoid risk-taking.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you are on vacation, pay a visit to some historical site and increase your knowledge of your surroundings.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A quiet, restful Sunday is wise in preparation for the coming Fourth of July festivities.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This could be a happy day for meeting old friends you have not seen for a long time. Enjoy yourself.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Avoid taking any unnecessary risk today. Make careful plans and adhere to them assiduously.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You may feel adventurous, but take it easy if you haven't conditioned yourself to outdoor exercise.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—It would be a sound idea to take time out to plan for your future. Weigh assets against liabilities and then act.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A change of pace from business to social will give you pleasant relaxation. Just forget the office for the day.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Don't devote too much from your usual Sunday schedule. Not a good time to take on extra social obligations.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—After your usual morning devotions, plan to get out into the country or to the seashore for some fresh air!

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Do only what must be done today. Otherwise, rest and relax with close associates. Have a good time!

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Be diplomatic in your relations with others. Some member of the family may have "touchy" feelings. Take care!

SUNDAY, JUNE 29

BORN today, you are a rather surprising combination of dreamy idealism and vigorous ambition. Sometimes you are steaming to leap off in any direction, just so it is somewhere interesting. At other times you are little for the company of others. The stars give you ideal artistic talent, and this is probably the way your artistic temperament expresses itself.

You are impulsive and usually open to the suggestion of the last person who has talked to you! You have a high success potential, since you are very gifted. But there are times when you are morose and discouraged and it takes a lot to get you started again. Although you are very sensitive to adverse criticism, you are equally responsive to praise. There are times when you work easily and other moments when it is impossible for you to concentrate on what you are doing. Self-discipline helps. But to a certain extent give in to the "lean" inspirational periods, stick to routine and go along with the tide. Then, when your enthusiasm is high, work hard and accomplish a great deal in a short time.

You may find that your health has a lot to do with your moody periods. Keep your diet simple and get outdoor exercise as well as plenty of rest. Use your energies extravagantly and must take time out to rebuild them. A marriage to someone who understands your moods, and knows how to cope with all of them, will bring you lasting happiness. You have a great capacity for affection and are demonstrative in showing your love.

Among those born on this date were: William Edgar Borah, Iowa statesman; Owen Davis, dramatist; George Ellery Hale, astronomer; John Quincy Adams Ward, sculptor; St. George Tucker, Virginia jurist; Celia Thaxter, poet; and Peter Paul Rubens, Flemish painter.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 30

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Begin a new week of work on a bright note. Promote an idea dear to your heart. Anticipate success.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—New and exciting opportunities may be offered today. Examine small as well as large offers. Take the best one.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—An unexpected pleasure involving children you love is in the stars. Be prepared to have a lot of fun.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—An inheritance from the paternal side of the family may come up for consideration. Make a wise decision now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Unusual events may need unusual action. Be wise in making your decisions and all will go smoothly.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—An exciting day but be cautious and tactful in approaching a new opportunity. Check all the facts before acting.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Your ambitions may be soaring, but your judgment needs careful checking. You could take a wrong step and regret it later.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Avoid impulse. Think before you act. This is especially true if you are assisting someone with a problem.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Better for you to follow your regular routine rather than risk a new venture. There is an undercurrent of uncertainty.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You can take a calculated risk if you are sure you know accurately where you are headed.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A vacation near or on the water would be good for your health and give your spirits a big boost.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Partnership business affairs should be handled wisely today. You can make money if you are smart.

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Blonde-Tone Shampoo—retards darkening action of time! Helps keep hair from looking drab. Lends golden gleam and makes hair look blonder. Recommended for blonde, or light brown hair.

Silver-Tone Shampoo—for grey or white hair and for silvery-blond. Creates the illusion of shining silver in hair that is grey, drab or lifeless looking. Helps a minute yellow streaks add a bluish white cast that brings out exquisite silver lustre.

Brunette-Tone Shampoo—gives black or dark brown hair a glorious satin sheen; replaces dull, rusty look with new depths and highlights. Blends in sun-discoloured ends to even, glossy beauty.

Rose-Tone Shampoo—for those who do not wish to tint. SHAMPOO brings hair new life and lovely silken sheen. Makes it beautifully soft and amenable to setting. Recommended for every hair shade and type and for all members of the family.

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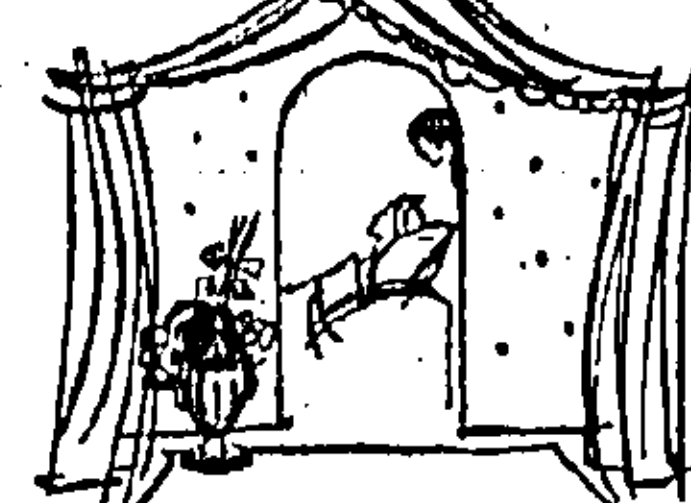
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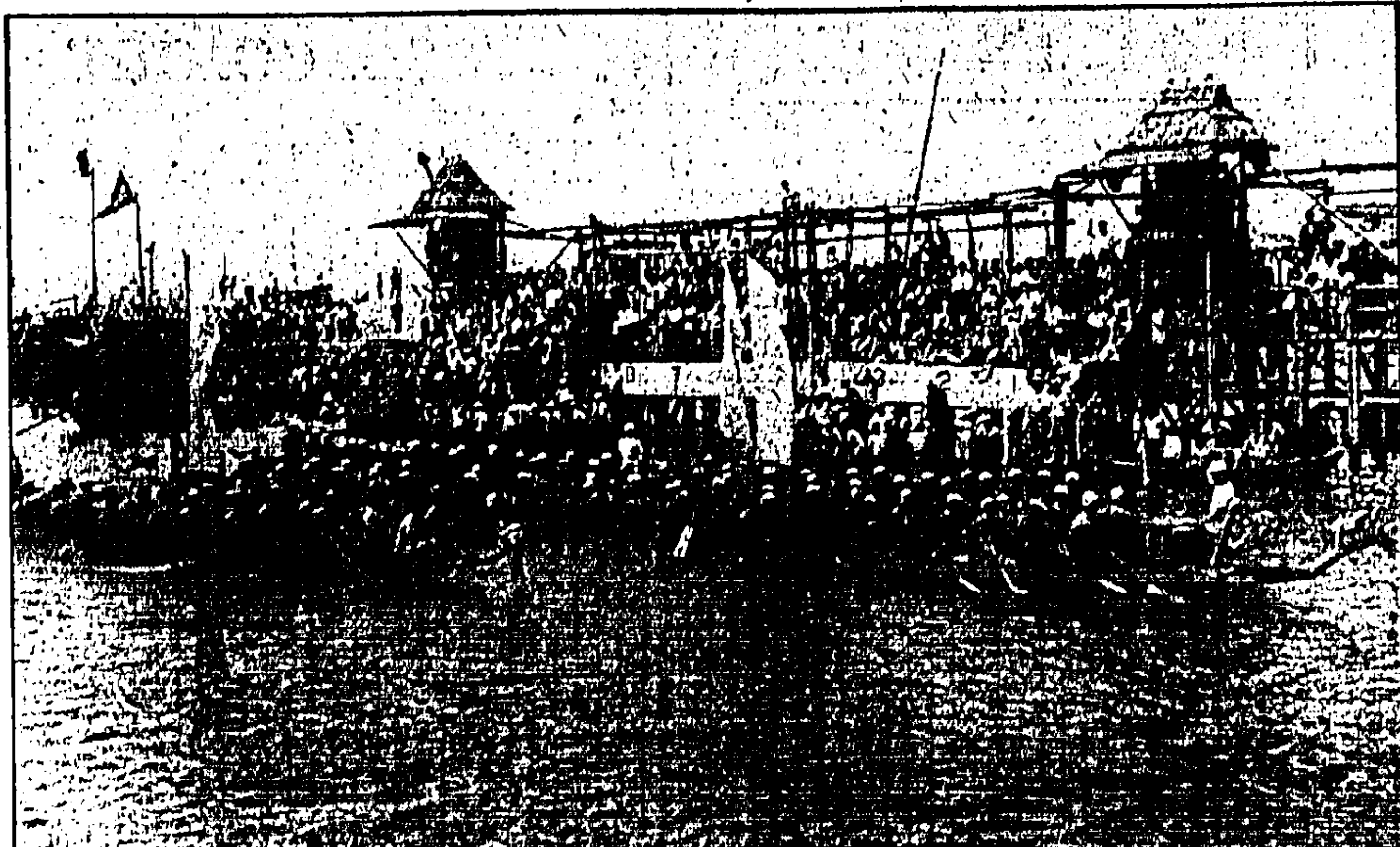
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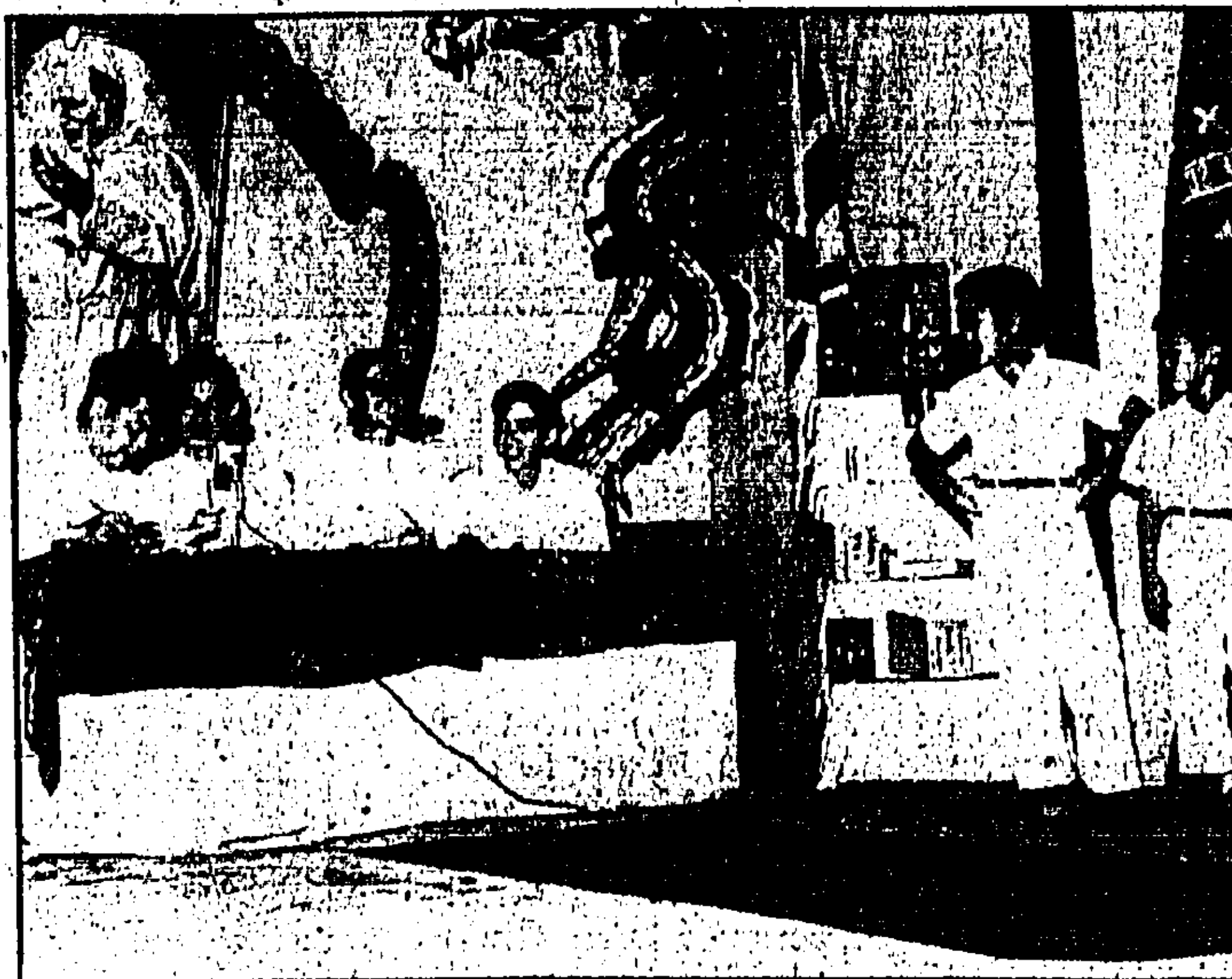
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THE colourful Dragon Boat Festival was observed throughout the Colony last Saturday when races were held at various points on the Island and New Territories. Seen above is the start of the race at Kennedy Town while, at right, is pictured a boat-load of European paddlers who took part in one of the contests.

RIGHT: Mrs V. C. Vorbi, wife of Col. Vorbi, ADMS, Hongkong, presenting a prize to a successful competitor after the Royal Army Medical Corps swimming gala at Victoria Barracks recently.

BELOW: Mr W. K. Thomson (right), Deputy Registrar-General, making a farewell presentation to Mr W. Anuarin Jones, Registrar-General, who has been appointed Commissioner for the Revision of Laws in Kenya.



LEFT: Little Chan Luen answers some questions in a Biblical knowledge contest at the Salesian School, while his friend, Tong Shum-chiu, awaits his turn. The panel (seated) seem happy with Chan's replies so far.

BELOW: The Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan and Mrs Ngan chat with Mr W. J. Gorman, chief officer of the Hongkong Fire Brigade during a dinner given by officers and men of the Hongkong Fire Brigade celebrating the award of the OBE by Her Majesty the Queen to Mr Gorman.



★ ★ ★
By
CHINA MAIL
PHOTOGRAPHERS
★ ★ ★


RIGHT: Mr T. Brandel, out-going Swedish Consul-General, giving a farewell speech to members of the United Nations Association of Hongkong. On left is Mr Ma Man-fai.

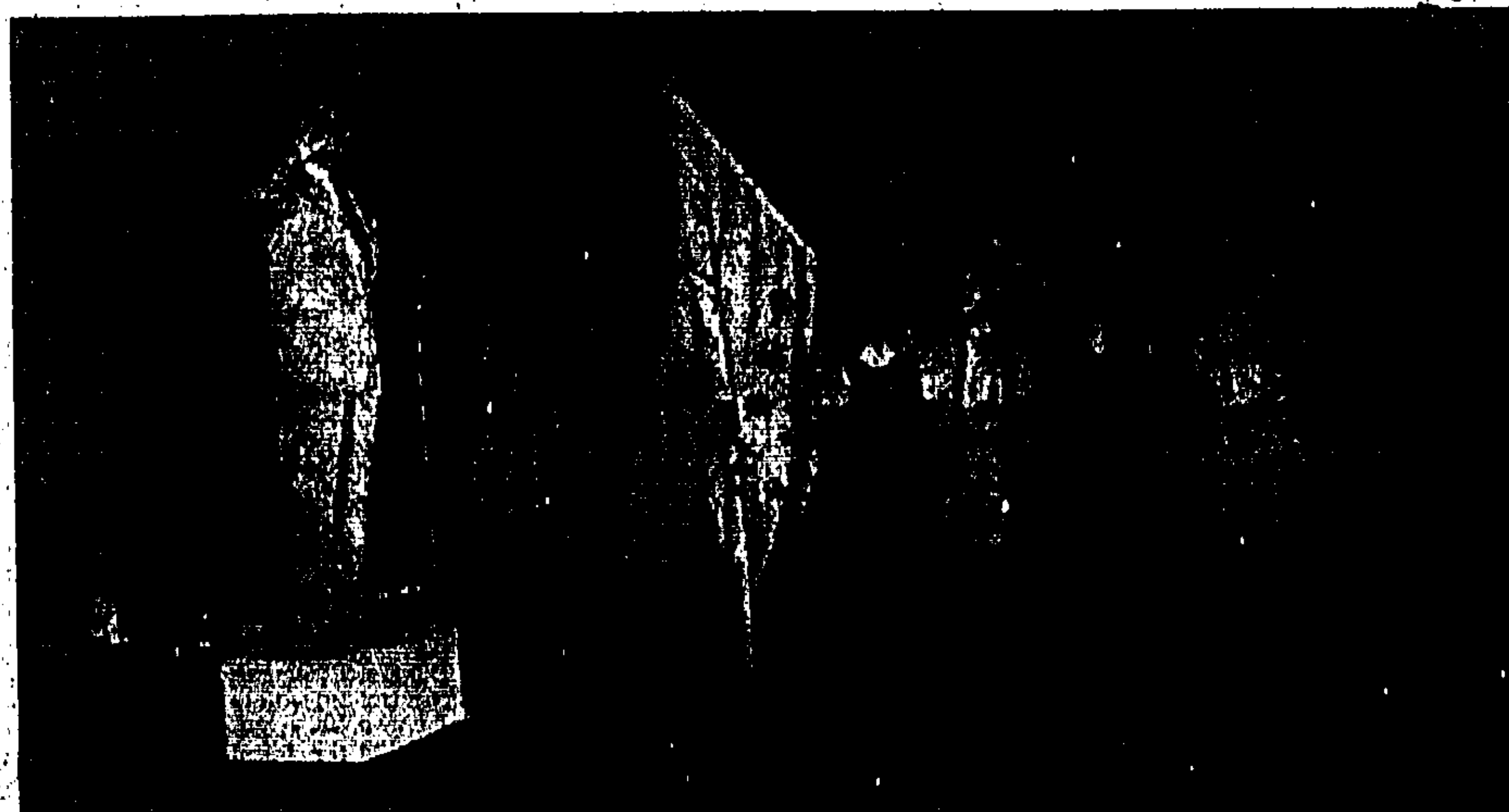


BELOW: His Excellency the Governor laid the foundation stone of the new Wanchai youth leaders' training centre on Wednesday. He is pictured giving the Scouts' Salute as a contingent of Boy Scouts from the Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association march past during a parade preceding the ceremony.

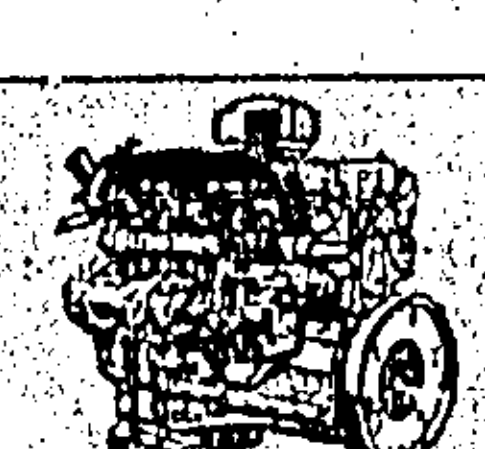

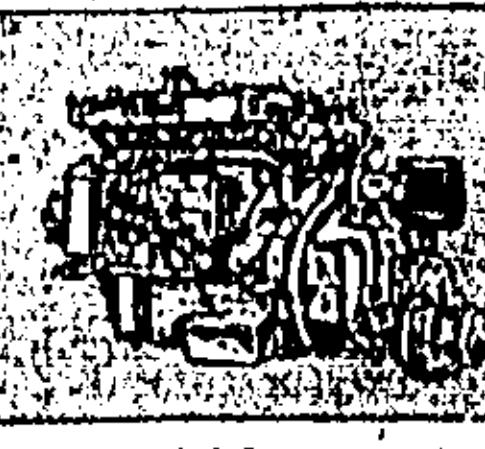



ABOVE: Father Cyril Wagner (behind microphone) and Father Joseph McCormack (gesturing) at a Press conference at the Catholic Centre last Saturday after arriving in the Colony from a Communist prison in Shanghai.

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ABOVE: The Malayan Association held an "At Home" party for the visiting students from the University of Malaya last week. The guests are seen helping themselves to the Malayan-style buffet dinner.

LEFT: Mr. Fred Waters of Associated Press, kisses his bride, the former Miss Mary Jane Ramsay, Cathay Pacific Airways flight stewardess, after their wedding at the Registry last Friday.



ABOVE: Miss Barbara Black, daughter of the Governor, models the June Bride of 1958 in the finale of the YWCA's spectacular bridal show at the Gloucester Hotel on Wednesday. Proceeding her were (l-r) Miriam Coxhead and Victoria Wilshaw, as flower girls, and the bridesmaids (background) were Misses Diana Hooton (left) and Lindy Parks. Seen at right are Miss Encarnita Abiera (left) who flew up from Manila to model the Philippines bride in a beautiful fitted gown of white lace, and Mrs. Vickie Shelley who modelled the Spanish bride in a full-skirted creation of tiered lace with a becoming mantilla designed by herself. The successful show was in aid of four YWCA charities—the Rooftop Children's Clubs, the YWCA Nurseries, the Children's Play Centre and the Faith Hope Nursery.



ABOVE: Mr. R. M. K. Slater (right), chief of the Foreign Office Information Executive Department, was feted at a cocktail party at the Gloucester Hotel last week. He is pictured chatting with Mr. Leslie Smith (centre), Hongkong representative of the Regional Information Office, and Father Sheridan.

LEFT: Mr and Mrs Hans Waldmeier after their wedding at Rosary Church last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Sylvia Luix.



RIGHT: H.E. the Governor greeted by Mr. Fung Ping-fan, on arrival with Lady Black (left) at St John's Cathedral on Sunday for the annual commemorative service of St John's Ambulance Brigade.

★ By China Mail Photographers ★

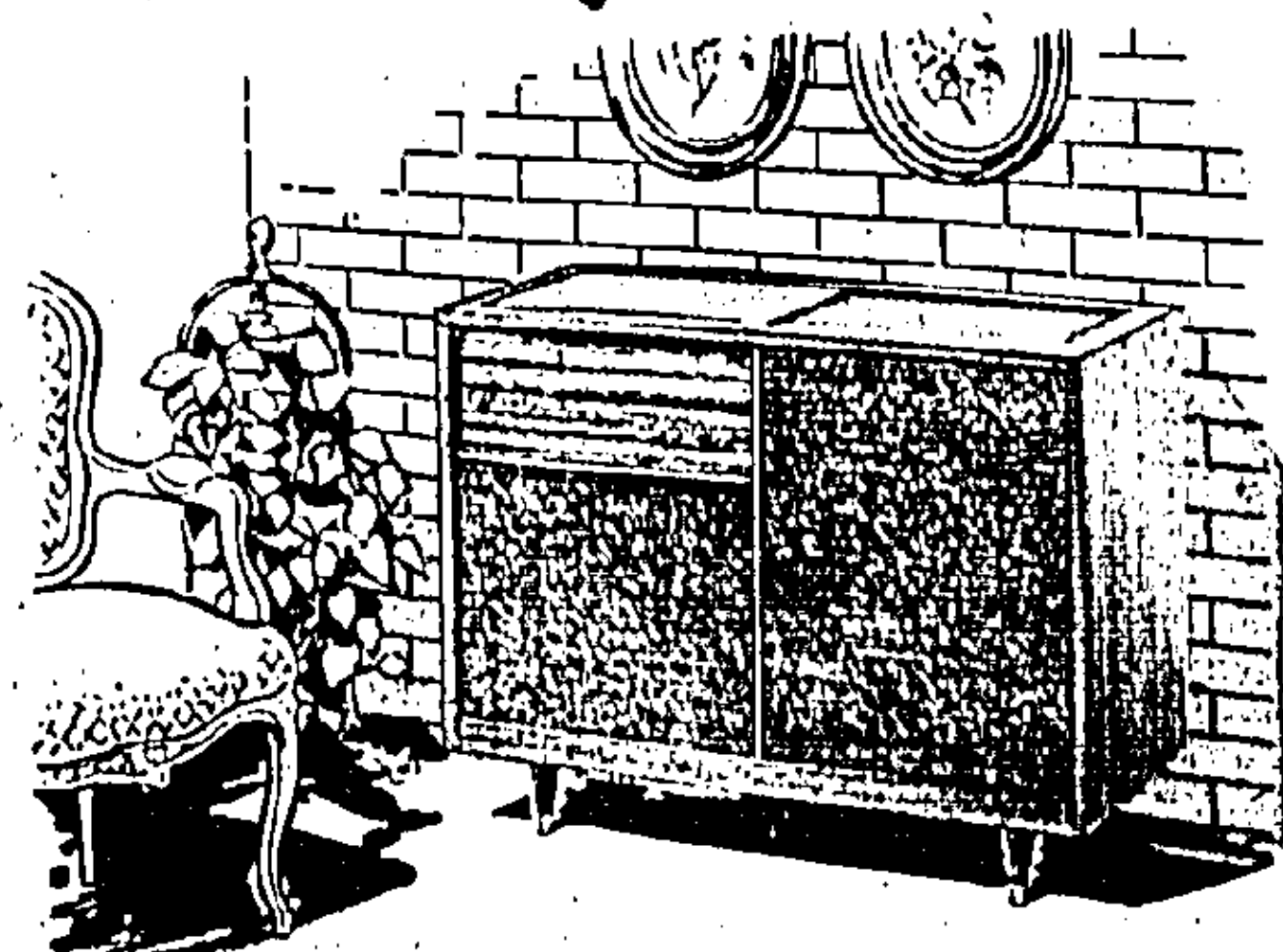


BELOW: Mr. G. A. R. Wright-Nooth, Assistant Commissioner of Police, takes the salute at the passing-out parade at the Police Training School, Aberdeen, when 30 Cantonese recruit police constables graduated.

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The Queen Of The Kitchen Commercials

(TO THE TUNE OF
£30,000 A YEAR)

ONCE a girl says: "Even I am impressed with the money I'm earning," things between you can never be quite the same—particularly if you happen to be a man.

Another girl will covet the wide gold bracelets (watch-inset), the expensively asymmetrical ring, the high-priced understatement of a couture suit (orange) with a print blouse (pink), the hard-to-keep-up sun-tan and the harder-to-keep-up hair (blonde, twisted high off the neck), and she'll merely feel a shabby failure by comparison.

But a man? Well, once he knows your facets and your

assets and finds the only way he'll grow more accustomed to your face is by switching on his television in company with your 23,000,000 other fans then he gets to feeling more like an obstacle to your plans than an answer to your prayers.

Her lines

THIS much I've gathered from a meeting with the highest-paid woman in American ad-

vertising, TV salacandy Betty Furness.

Nine years ago this week Miss Furness stopped acting and started demonstrating. She swapped dramatic lines for electric lines and by showing housewives from New York to New Mexico that they too could have a push-button kitchen—she became a national symbol for the labour-saving American way of life.

She works nine months of the year for around £20,000. She has a New York apartment (Don Loper-decorated) and spends half her time in California. Her wardrobe—nearly £3,000 worth of clothes annually not counting furs—is so extensive it has to be cross-indexed.

She's reached the point of fame where Bob Hope can make cracks about her and everybody laughs.

It has, as she says, proved "a rewarding career from every angle."

But she was not, I suspect, including the domestic angle. Twice-married, with an 18-year-old daughter, Miss Furness has stayed single for the past eight years.

"I've learned that if a woman's really serious about her career it's almost impossible to make a marriage work," she told me.

The master

"It seems to be wrong chemically," she went on. "The man must be the master... he must have his interests

entered to all the time. It's no good when two people are almost competing with each other over success.

"Working for me, is like taking dope—I'm damned, but I'm stuck with it. And because I love it, I don't want to stop."

A slim 42, with the sort of legs that make American women recognised the world over, Miss Furness has, however, arrived in London without her dopa-kid.

"New York? It's dark, dirty, and a constant struggle. You have to dress up to go down to the drug-store for a tube of toothpaste and you must wait until mid-July to be in the sun."

"That's why I like working in California—I can wear slacks... there's room to drive my Thunderbird around... and I can stop everything and go sunbath."

"The only problem is my housekeeper prefers New York and, of course, my daughter's college is in Massachusetts."

How does an 18-year-old feel when her mother's identified throughout the States with refrigerators and vacuum cleaners?

"Well, she was embarrassed for a few years," gurgled the "Queen of the Kitchen Commercials." "But now she wants to be an actress herself. It's rather different."

I couldn't help wondering if demonstrating electrical appliances can really be classed as acting, so I asked Miss Furness

whether she found her work completely fulfilling.

"Sometimes it's not enough to satisfy me," she said frankly. "And there's no question that I do miss acting."

and INCIDENTALLY.....

I took a glass of "Evo's and orange"—champagne and squash—when wealthy racehorse owner Stanhope Joel yesterday morning before he left for the Derby.

A resident of Bermuda since 1950, Mr. Joel still has about 30 horses in training at Newmarket and in Ireland—at a cost of around £800 a year each animal.

Are they, then, a paying investment? Mr. Joel shook his head at this suggestion. "Definitely not," he rumbled. "It's only when you get a classic win that you get a bit of capital back—and I haven't had one for 13 years. Why, in order to keep my horses in Britain I had to go and live in Bermuda."

There we were in her little flat over the hairdresser's behind Buckingham Palace—the one she calls her "telephone booth." And there was Sue (four times

"But when I feel that way I spend some of my vacation doing summer stock. I've done repertory all over the East last time. I did 'The Country Girl'."

That I had to admit was an imaginative bit of casting on somebody's part.

all gold and white and glittering. "How do you do it, Sue?" asked someone. "You get prettier all the time. What's the secret?"

With a laugh the texture of precious metal, Mrs. Joel told her: "I just keep on getting married!"

If you should have got the impression in recent weeks that the French have abandoned 'amour for toujours, take heart from this little anecdote.

On the terrace of the Carlton Hotel at Cannes, an Englishman was saying goodbye to his wife—she was staying on with some friends.

Turning to a Frenchman in the party, he said: "Keep her on ice for me, old boy."

"On ice?" repeated the Frenchman incredulously. "Oh, you could English! In France we say: 'Keep her warm for me, mon ami.' Is different, not?"

—Patricia Lewis

Women Vary In Ability To Love Their Children

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

ALL women do not have the same capacity for motherhood.

You don't automatically acquire the proper maternalistic instinct simply by becoming a mother. You either have it or you don't have it.

Have Limitations

While I realise that the vast majority of you mothers love your children more than life itself, there are some women who just don't have the capacity for such love. They are born with limitations in their maternal drive.

The sooner these women and society come to realise this, the better off these mothers and their children will be.

This was brought to my attention while back at a meeting of the American Congress on Maternal Care here in Chicago.

Dr. Phillip Seltz of the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis pointed out this lack of mother-instinct theory after studying the maternal habits of various animals.

Reject Their Young

Some animals, he reported, show they reject their offspring by throwing them out of the

nest. Yet other women might have the capacity to love one person, but not two.

Usually such women feel guilty about not loving all their children equally and overextend themselves trying to compensate for it. This actually might make them resent the child even more and the child, realising it, will reject the mother's solicitous attitude.

Realistic Plans

The first step toward solving the problem, Dr. Seltz recommends, is for society to realise that all mothers are not perfect; that some do not have the capacity to love all their children equally.

The mothers also must recognize their true feelings. Once a realistic evaluation of their capacity is made, they generally will be able to do a better job with whatever capacity they may have. They can make realistic plans.

For some, this may mean obtaining additional mothering for their children by sending them to nursery schools and the like.

These mothers must not feel inadequate. They are born with limitations in their maternalistic compulsion and there's not much they can do about it.

FOR THE BATHROOM

By ELEANOR ROSS

MOST men, of course, leave the decorating of the home to their wives. They meekly, or seemingly so, sleep in a frothy bedroom papered with roses, and they shower behind curtains printed in cute little patterns. Their bath towels are just as fetching and the mat they step on is usually a heavenly shade of blue or pink.

Bathroom Fixtures

Sometimes, they even and flowers painted on the bathroom fixtures.

To the ladies, such ideas are divine, but what their manfolk think is something else again.

Consider the man of the house who's the one who'll pay for the artistic touch in a room as well as anyone else, but he also likes to relax in an atmosphere that is congenial.

We were somewhat cheered the other day by a new line of bath accessories. Some kind somebody had given a thought to the men.

Handsome Patterns

These new bath towels—large size, of course—are trimmed with a wide chenille border. Bath mats are sculptured cotton, real he-man size and terrifically handsome. The shower curtain pattern—towers hanging on rings—is really dramatic and certainly appropriate.

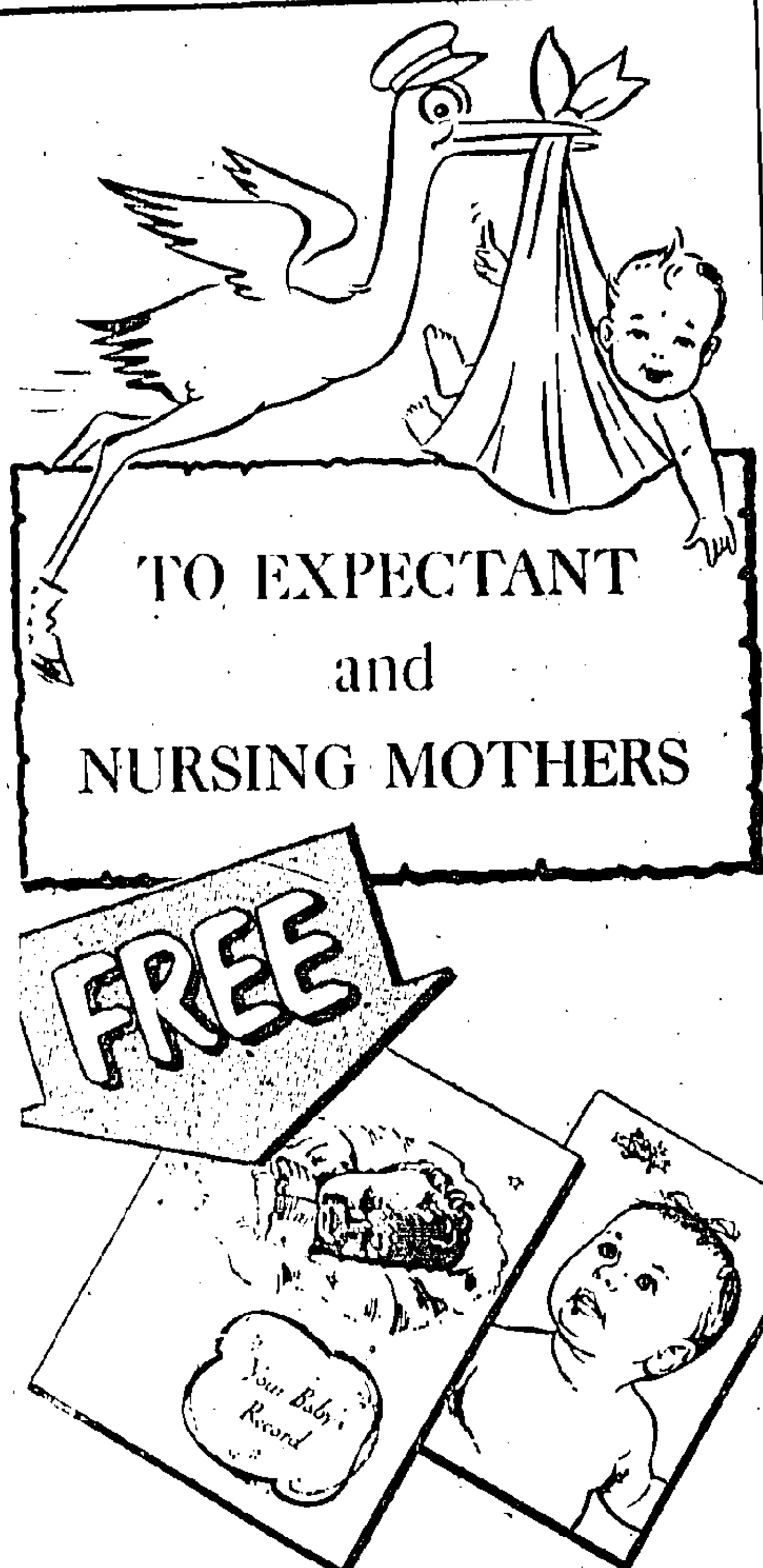
Household Hints

If you're new to housekeeping, you may not be familiar with the advantage of "rolling beef" or brisket. Actually, it should not be rolled, but simmered—usually with vegetables, and often served with horseradish sauce.

In buying linoleum, look for a piece with a generous layer of fat between two strips of linoleum.

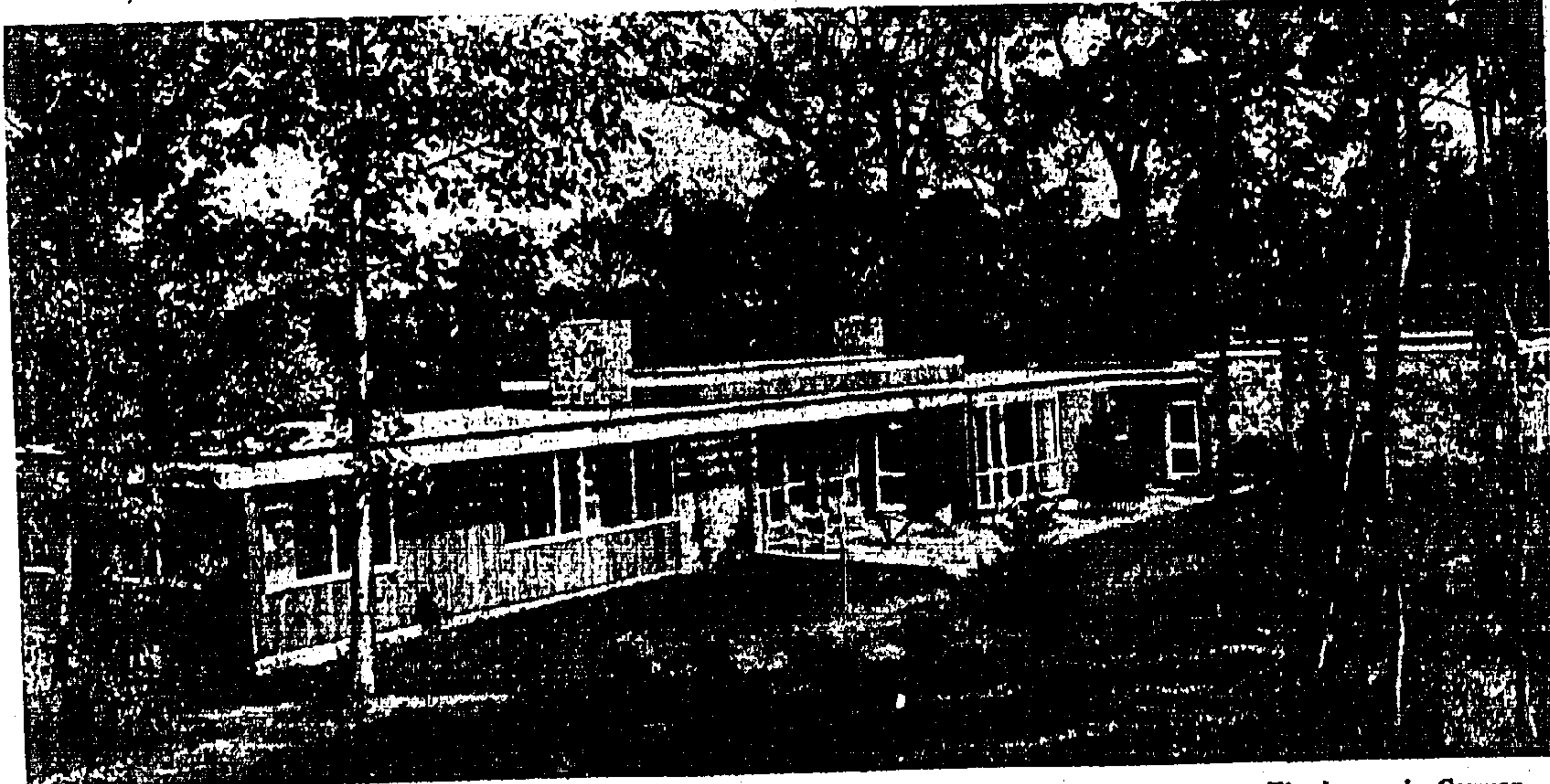
When mattresses or upholstery are attacked by mildew mould, brush them thoroughly, then clean with the upholstery attachment of the vacuum cleaner. If necessary, sponge the spots with thick soap suds, upholstery cleaner, or an equal mixture of denatured alcohol and water. Do not let stuffing become wet through.

To keep ladders from slipping or marring floors, nail a rubber shoe heel to the bottom of each leg.

Baby's First Years
RECORD BOOK
and
The Lactogen
MOTHER BOOK

THE LACTOGEN MOTHER BOOK is a 79 page publication with a commonsense approach to all the important aspects of Motherhood. Not only during the days of waiting but during the early months of life when there will be laid the foundation of a happy and healthy childhood. This publication covers such subjects as preparation for Motherhood, the premature baby, the first months, baby's routine. Artificial feeding, breast feeding, teething, minor ailments associated with infancy.

BABY'S FIRST YEARS RECORD BOOK, a really smart publication with pages for the recording of many fascinating details of baby's birth, progress, christening, first remarks and actions, photographs and family tree, etc.,



ARCHITECT ELIZABETH and Landscape Architect Horace Fleisher call this modern dwelling home. The house, in Germantown, Philadelphia, is built of local Valley Forge stone, which has an attractive pinkish cast, and stained cypress boards that are backed with concrete block.

THEIR VERY OWN

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

ARCHITECTS spend their lives designing homes to please others. What happens when they finally build their own house?

In the case of one husband and wife team the venture proved perfect!

Pooled Talents

Elizabeth and Horace Fleisher—she's an architect, he's a landscape architect—pooled their talents to build a home for themselves in Germantown, Philadelphia. A labour of love, it resulted in a house that fulfilled all their aims

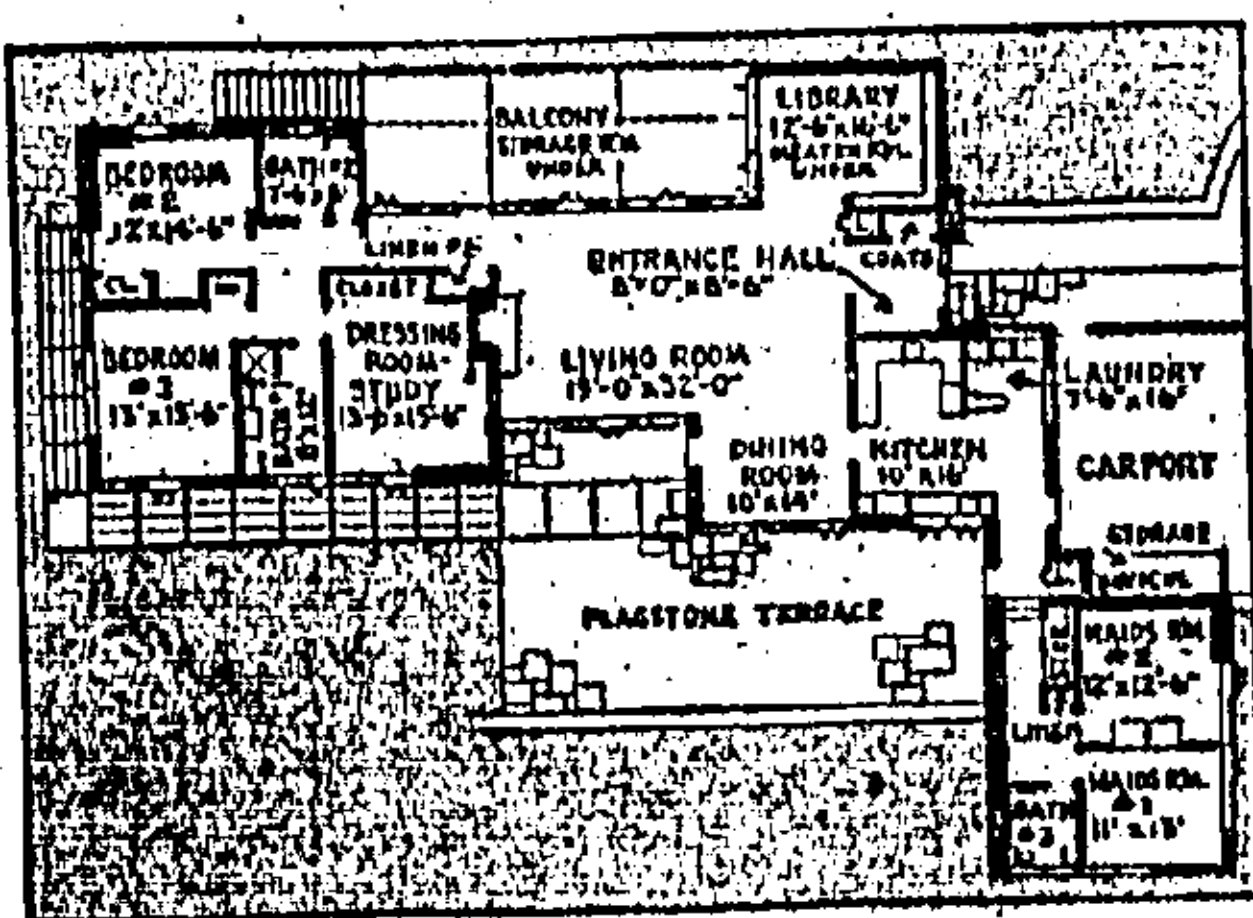
for interior comfort and exterior beauty.

Proof of a home's success is in the living and, after four years, the Fleishers haven't a fault to find with their very own house.

Before blueprints, they had four aims in mind. Whatever the shape or size of the house, it had to:

1. Exploit the potentialities of the site as regards view, slope, existing trees and woodlands.

2. Create an interior suitable for informal entertaining and large enough to accommodate large groups:



LIVING, DINING AND library areas can be one unit for entertaining. Laundry and incinerator are near kitchen.

3. Afford privacy both indoors and out.

4. Be easy to service and maintain.

Their house does all these things.

Long and low, it stretches across the site, blending with, not distracting from the scenic background.

A walled garden is planned on an upper slope of the grounds. There's a sheltered, covered terrace against the house and an open balcony deck, facing a view and wooded ravine to the northwest. Storage and heater rooms are underneath the balcony.

The house is 200 feet from the road, with even

greater privacy achieved by the placement of carport and servants' rooms on the road frontage.

Inside, living space is fluid.

Living, dining and library areas are separate, but can be counted on to serve as a single unit for large-scale entertaining.



THE FIREPLACE-WALL, in cherry and black walnut, by sculptor Wharton Escherich, dominates the living room. Old black stone is used for fireplace facing and the hearth.

I am not always so elegant, says Mr Beaton

(IN FACT, I'M MUCH DIRTIER THAN I SEEM)

THEY say that at Derby week absolutely everybody—except the horses—was wearing Mr Cecil Beaton's colours: black and white. A case of mass plagiarism. For, of course, Mr Beaton did his Ascot scene in *My Fair Lady* in black and white (without ever having been to Ascot to check on the practicality of such a colour scheme).

Mr Beaton has other coups to his credit—apart from the Derby. In America his *My Fair Lady* costumes are said to have produced a bloodless revolution in ladies' fashions: his designs for the film *Gigi* got better notices than some of the stars. Professionally and socially he is a much sought-after man.

LIMELIGHT

by
THOMAS
WISEMAN

Not dazzled

In fact, the impeccable Mr Beaton is once again all the rage, and, if he is rather blue about this, then he undoubtedly has plenty to be blue about.

He is rich, fashionable, a friend of Garbo, a neighbour of Sir Anthony Eden in Broad Chalk, a man who gives and goes to the most exclusive parties.

He is also an author, a painter, a playwright—and, of course, a photographer. Mr Beaton has

come a long way on a box Brownie.

If he fails to be dazzled by his own dazzle, this is because Mr Beaton, for all his accomplishments, considers himself both misunderstood and unfulfilled.

Insulting

He has become identified with sumptuous living, flippant

manners, elegant dress—and surface gloss.

Mr Beaton loathes the idea of being considered glossy.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that the idea people have been given of me is of a rather fatuous man. It has been said that I blue my hair and that I am always invisibly washing my hands. That I think is a most insulting thing to say about me—and it's quite untrue."

Blended

He sat, as if sitting for one of his own portraits, in his house in Pelham Place, his handsome head propped up with played-up fingers, his silver hair blending with the red walls and yellow carpets.

Naturally, in the Beaton household everything blends.

"They are making this fuss about my work," he said, "because what most designers are asked to do is the apotheosis of the kitchen sink and I suppose people have got a little tired of that—and of incest in Brooklyn. But I have nothing against the kitchen sink play. In fact, I'd love to do one. I can be as ugly as anyone—uglier."

An idea I always had that Mr Beaton was not born in the

normal way, but one day simply stepped out of an early Noel Coward play is apparently quite false.

"I'm thought of as a very frivolous person," he said, "and someone who doesn't work very hard. My appearance is against me. But I must tell you that I don't feel at all the way I look."

Old suits

"I know I look elegant—I can't help that. But I assure you I am much dirtier than I seem. I very seldom have two baths a day as the Americans do, and I don't change my shirt every day. Sometimes I wear the same one for a week."

"In the country I wear suits that are twenty years old and

covered with paint. I never shave until I absolutely have to. I would hate to be elegant every day."

"This summer I am going to live in great discomfort on an island off Greece with Truman Capote. You see, I am not simply a man who likes to live well."

He would like to be considered a writer, but though he has written several books and one play, is rather shy about describing himself as one.

"I worked on my play, *The Gainsborough Girl*, for five years," he said. "But when it was done at Brighton I realised it was not really ready for the stage. It was too glib. The characters were too superficial."

"I have been re-writing it and I hope I have improved it. But I have a feeling this form of expression isn't really me. I don't allow myself enough opportunity for inspiration. The kind of writing I admire requires tremendous profundity. I don't know if I've got that."

Restraint

He thought for a while. Then he said: "Elegance alone can be facile. It must be used with great restraint—like vermouth in a martini."

As he showed me out, I said: "We shall probably print a caricature of you with my column."

"Looking elegant, I suppose," said Mr Beaton.

"No," I said. "Looking dirty." Mr Beaton smiled happily.

Pay off

When Mr Jerry Wald hears the word culture, he reaches for his cheque book.

Mr Wald is an American film producer who has discovered that a few of those classical writers had some pretty good ideas. So he proposes to film James Joyce's *Ulysses* and D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. He is also interested in Marcel Proust.

For Joyce and Lawrence this means posthumous wealth: a case of too much too late. "I paid 50,000 dollars for two of Lawrence's books," said producer Wald. "I was told this was more than Lawrence earned in his whole life. Why do I go to these great writers? Because what films need today are unusual themes, they had 'em. Something that can be

run in the hills behind Nice—I found Simone Signoret soaking up the sun and preparing for her visit to Yorkshire next month to film *Room at the Top*.

Miss Signoret—veteran of such adult and powerful pictures as *The Fiends* and *Golden Marie*—plays the part of Laurence Harvey's mistress Alice, "who sometimes looked plain, in fact downright ugly."

"The script," says Miss Signoret, "is the most faithful transcription of a book I have ever read."

I told her that John and Jimmy Woolf—who produce the picture—are fully expecting an "X" certificate, for in their opinion the script is even more risqué than the book.

Said Miss Signoret, who has considerable experience of "X" pictures: "How can it fall?"

How indeed?

After some weeks spent filming in African cannibal-territory, producer Darryl Zanuck is planning a new-style cookery book.

His title: *How to Serve Your Fellow Man*.



CECIL BEATON HAS A HANKERING TO DO A KITCHEN-SINK DRAMA...

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Roderick Mann I WARN THE CENSOR—BARDOT'S SHOCKER IS ALL THEY SAY

ON THE RIVIERA.
I HAVE now seen the new Brigitte Bardot film *The Night Heaven Fell*—the one she made in Spain with Stephen Boyd. I saw it at a tiny, back-street cinema in Nice this week, and I rate it among my most unforgettable film-going experiences.

Miss Bardot, a symphony of lingering looks and lovely limbs, starts undressing within 10 minutes of the film's opening—and after that it is every man for herself.

Before she succumbs finally to a burst of machine-gun bullets intended for Boyd, she manages to cavort through 12 different stages of undress—including a nude love scene in a ravine, while the camera hangs around like a leery-eyed octogenarian at a burlesque show.

Even the French audience, I report, were rather unnerved by what was happening on the screen.

Newsreel scenes of police clashes in Paris and rioting mobs in Algeria left them cold. But when Miss Bardot began disrobing, the Gallic temperament let go. There was a prolonged burst of clapping after the nude scene.

A bas la politique. Vive le sport.

FOOTNOTE: The *Night Heaven Fell*, I learn, will be shown in London sometime. Providing the British censor leaves enough footage to make it worth while.

GONE TO EARTH
Orson Welles had gone to earth. A trick he has perfected over the years—to the dismay and rage of process-servers, creditors, film producers, society hostesses, and Mrs Welles.

Up and down the Riviera I sought him... in the bars, the bistros, and the clubs. And finally I tracked him down—to a place beside the Fort of Cannes, at a table nearest the band.

His huge bulk was perched precariously on a small chair, and he was surrounded by a small posse of waiters, all eager

to attend the fabled Welles appetite. (On a good day, I report, he has been known to down 13 oysters, an entire chicken, dozens of cream cakes, and several bottles of wine.)

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Orson Welles... the man with the fabled appetite

running in London. Touch of Evil, I directed it—or most of it. They slipped in one or two scenes after I'd gone, and of course they wouldn't let me cut it. They usually let the studio janitor cut my films. Using a lawn-mower. Still, most of it's mine."

"You seem to have had the best—and worst—of Hollywood," I said.

"When I made *Citizen Kane*," Welles said, "I was 25. They treated me like God. Nobody was even allowed to see the rushes, except me. Can you imagine anyone getting such a deal today?"

"I did," I said.

He lowered himself carefully into his chair, and tried to look sorrowful.

"The truth is," he said, "I never answer the phone. Or read messages."

He ordered me a drink. "I've just seen your new film *The Long Hot Summer*," I said. "That Southern accent of yours floored me. I'd have missed most of what you said if it hadn't been for the French subtitles."

"It's that damned stereo-phonetic sound," Welles said. "An insult to the ears. Everything is garbled today. Look at *Cinemascope*. An idiot's breakfast, that's what it is, with all the ham in the middle."

He was silent for a moment, looking directly over my left ear in a curiously disconcerting manner.

"If you think anything of my films," he said, "why don't you write? You should see the one now Give me a ring."

"If you're around tomorrow," he said, "why don't you write? You should see the one now Give me a ring."

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A GOOD QUESTION

In the village of St Paul-up in the hills behind Nice—I found Simone Signoret soaking up the sun and preparing for her visit to Yorkshire next month to film *Room at the Top*.

Miss Signoret—veteran of such adult and powerful pictures as *The Fiends* and *Golden Marie*—plays the part of Laurence Harvey's mistress Alice, "who sometimes looked plain, in fact downright ugly."

"The script," says Miss Signoret, "is the most faithful transcription of a book I have ever read."

I told her that John and Jimmy Woolf—who produce the picture—are fully expecting an "X" certificate, for in their opinion the script is even more risqué than the book.

Said Miss Signoret, who has considerable experience of "X" pictures: "How can it fall?"

How indeed?

After some weeks spent filming in African cannibal-territory, producer Darryl Zanuck is planning a new-style cookery book.

His title: *How to Serve Your Fellow Man*.

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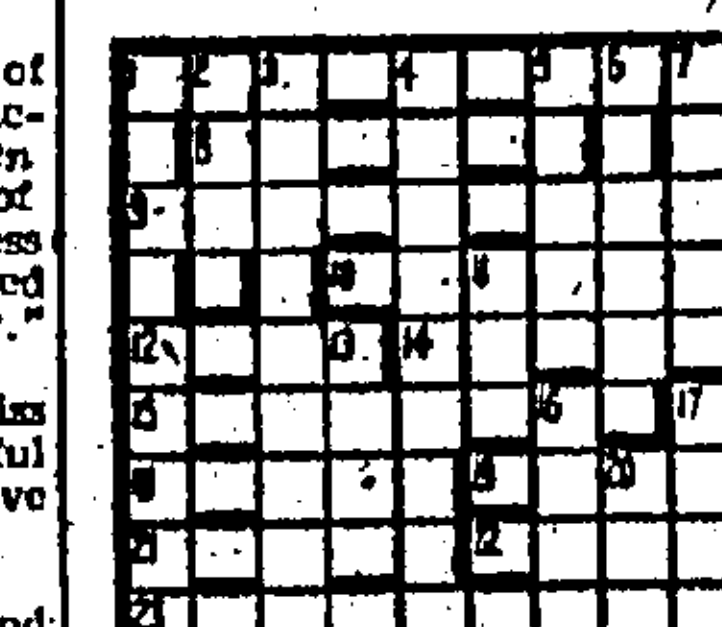
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CROSSWORD



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JUST LOOK AT THIS!

The Rock bubble's burst

THE CYRIL STAPLETON COLUMN

SANITY has returned to the world of song! The rock and skiffle bubbles have burst.

Vocalists who wore the rock and skiffle tags are dropping them so fast that it sounds like a drum solo in an echo chamber.

While everyone was talking of trends toward this and a grade for that, the real change has taken place. Unnoticed.

Look at the pop record chart teacher's. And though the and what do you see? In a word—variety. There are ballads, instrumentals, girl singers, boy singers, even songs by groups of boys and girls.

There is still also rock and skiffle, you will note. That is, as long as it doesn't hog the show.

Even the most rabid anti-rockers wouldn't deny it a hearing. But no sensible record buyer wants it morning, noon, and night.

That's what we suffered. And recording managers wallowed helplessly in a floodtide of teenage fervour. "We have to give the kids what they want," they gasped.

RESTORATION

The inundation practically engulfed the whole of show business. Debs and downers rocked. "Tight-trousered" Teds rolled. Noble reformed skiffles.

But who restored the balance in the long run? Why, the much-maligned kids, of course. They got what they wanted—and far too much of it for their taste.

The craze subsided. Even the we the moralisers deployed, craze for crazes sagged. That explains why neither Calypso nor rockabilly really caught on.

The Kwela beat? It has rivelly value, but there are no signs yet of teenage hysteria.

We were so busy looking out for that, the obvious was overlooked. Getting back to normality is an unspectacular.

One who may make the grade to real stardom is a 17-year-old from the Mile End Road—ex-secretary Valerie Masters. She was spotted by the right sort of people, Marlon Ryan heard the girl at her own

"This girl," she insisted earnestly, "you've got to hear."

So Ray went to a talent contest at the People's Palace in the East End, bent an obliging ear and promptly signed young Valerie for five years—which in this hectic industry is a mark of some confidence.

I lightheartedly asked the port Miss Masters what she was aiming for.

The eye she fixed on me could only be described as severe.

"To be a really good singer," she pronounced. "And that doesn't necessarily mean being a successful one."

That kind of old head on those young shoulders, plus a plenitude of talent and a little luck—it would add up to stardom.

Valerie's first record for Fontana is "Secret of Happiness" and "Sharing."

Verdict: distinctly promising.

Today, it doesn't matter if you come from Clapham or Kalamazoo—you can still be a star.

Record fans aren't choosy at all. The talent-spotters are still at it, hunting forth hopefuls from suburban obscurity.

Nineteen-year-old Harry Barnett from Crouch End has recorded their theme song, "All I Have To Do Is Dream." He was bitten early by the show-business bug. He was one of the royal brood in the Drury Lane production of "The King and I."

Let's wish him luck, for so many of the discoveries will be fated to fade away.

The FIRST ELEVEN

- 1 "WHO'S SORRY NOW." Connie Francis, M-G-M. (2)
- 2 "A WONDERFUL TIME UP THERE." Pat Boone, London. (3)
- 3 "WHOLE LOTTA WOMAN." Marvin Rainwater, M-G-M. (1)
- 4 "LOLLIPOP." Mudlarks, Columbia. (10)
- 5 "WEAR MY RING." Elvis Presley, R.C.A. (4)
- 6 "TOM HARK." Ella and her Zig Zag Jive Flutes, Columbia. (7)
- 7 "GRAND COOLIE DAM." Lonnie Donegan, Pye-Nixa. (8)
- 8 "SWINGIN' SHEPHERD BLUES." Ted Heath, Decca. (5)
- 9 "LOLLIPOP." Chordettes, London. (6)
- 10 "IT'S TOO SOON TO KNOW." Pat Boone, London. (13)
- 11 "TEQUILA." The Champs, London. (9)

The 12th Man

THIS WEEK it's still Perry Como with "Magic Moments"—for the second week running.

A rousing cheer for pretty Connie Francis, who took on all the beat and bounce of a male-dominated hit parade and massacred the lot. Her "Who's Sorry Now" is now ruling the masculine roost—making her the first girl to make the grade since Boris Bay came up with "Que Sera" 18 months ago.

THAT CASUAL gent Dean Martin has nipped back into the American Best Sellers after a lengthy absence. He got back on his estranged partner by becoming a successful film actor in "The Young Lions" after Jerry Lewis had earned a gold record with his straight singing of "Rockabye My Baby."

Now there are whispers that they may team again for a show. Could the new Martin hit record have some significance? It's "Return To Me."

TOP POPS

BY JOHN LAMBERT

**** FRANK SINATRA and KEELY SMITH, "HOW ARE

YOU FIXED FOR LOVE" (Capitol). Sinatra and Miss Smith make a duet debut well worthy of encores. Song, a swiny, sophisticated beat, is well assisted by a Billy May arrangement. And the style is nicely nostalgic of an old-time duet team called Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell.

*** MICHAEL HOLLIDAY, "THE STAIRWAY TO LOVE" (Columbia). Several versions of this number are being showcased. This is by far the best because Holliday sings far better than the others. Even so the disc is most remarkable as a reminder of how original stylings are slavishly copied.

Holliday manages to sound even more like Crosby than Perry Como does.

*** FRANKIE VAUGHAN, "BEWILF DOLL" (Phillips). Only the Vaughan vitality lifts this to any value. It puts him ahead of the heavily boosted and heavily promoted Perry Como version. But the song, despite the boner, is basically trash and trashy.

TOP RATING: FIVE STARS

MEN IN WAR

I hail the closest-to-life dissection yet!

BOOKS . . . BY NANCY SPAIN

I HAVE been so sour about brave new writers for so long that I have forgotten the rare joy of encountering new talent; particularly when it is not angry. So imagine my delight this week to be able to blow bugles, beat drums for M. K. Joseph, who has written a really good first novel, **ILL SOLDIER NO MORE** (Gollancz, 16s.).

When I had finally put it down I felt, "Oh yes. This is the real thing all right. This is the way they really lived in the Army."

The brand new successful novelist is Michael Kennedy Joseph, senior lecturer in English at Auckland University. He is married, has five children, was born in Chingford, Essex, in 1914, was educated in France, New Zealand, and Oxford University.

He joined the Royal Artillery in 1940, served in France, Holland, and Germany until 1946, wrote poetry all the time. He ended the war a bombardier.

So—if anyone is—M. K. Joseph is well qualified to write about the war for his generation in English.

"Ill Soldier No More" is a compulsively readable, deeply touching, most honest story of a small unit of men caught up in the unheroic scramble of war.

Joseph knows how men worry and are brave, muddle and are frightened, act diffident and vainglorious all at the same time. Half the time they pose, but the rest of the time they do their damndest to win their own little war through six long grey years.

THE SOLDIERS

For example, here is poor Johnny Clarke, the mother's boy, who has married too young a really dreadful wife. She deceives him most sordidly with the boss, with visiting Americans.

an army at all, saw things so differently. And so far we have had only comic versions of the English view.

For my money "Ill Soldier No More" has them all beaten to a pulp. I only hope some intelligent film company will buy it for England. Otherwise I can see an awfully good part there for Marlon Brando.

INSPIRED

I am always fascinated by courage, particularly of the female kind. So I'd love to meet grandmother, university graduate, ex-medical student, Cid Ricketts Sumner, who, at the age of 64, suddenly answered an advertisement and went plunging off down the rapids of the Colorado River with seven men.

TRAVELLER IN THE WILDERNESS (Macdonald, 10s.) is a true story of a woman who could write of herself cheerfully: "I am old enough not to be disturbed in the company of men (no matter what may be their physiological necessities)," who only blenched slightly at rapids with names like Upper, Middle and Lower Disaster, who can dart into a dentist's and lose a tooth the way you or I might lose our glasses. . . and who can, in the same breath, write of the happy relationship she established with a field mouse.

Strange. This unorthodox, fascinating, delightful woman is really sorry to end her comfortable journey, for it had behind it a rare quality: the quality of inspiration.

HUMANITY

Cid Ricketts Sumner and Michael Kennedy Joseph have this thing in common. Their lives were interrupted suddenly by a deep emotional experience. But Joseph had to go to war. Mrs Sumner need not have volunteered to go down the rapids. Particularly at the age of 64.

"Sixty-four is the right age to adventure," she says. Well, well. That was the year I was rather hoping to retire, weren't you?

Did Hawkins' words seal the fate of the Armada?

THE ENTERPRISE OF ENGLAND. By Thomas Woodroffe. Faber. 25s.

IT was at Tordesillas (away inland in Old Castile) that Pope Alexander VI divided the unrolling map of the world into two spheres—Spanish and Portuguese.

Far north, in England, Henry VII was at the time saving money for ships, and building the first dry-dock at Portsmouth.

Henry's money led afterwards to a fighting navy, run by officers who, though they were generally described by their enemies as pirates, knew not only how to handle ships, but where to sail them. Prize, and trade, was their quest, not conquest and colonisation; that was a separate issue. Operations of war were expected to pay for themselves, and indeed they sometimes did.

Good sense

Commander Woodroffe, in a book notable for conciseness, colour and good sense, tells the story of the rise of modern seapower in this country.

Eminent among his heroes are John Hawkins, a practical shipwright, who founded and organised the fleet of Elizabeth I; Drake, the scourge of the Spaniards, and one of the most skilful leaders who ever went to war; and Lord Howard of Effingham, the grandee who beat the "Enterprise of England," the Armada of 1588.

The theme is familiar, but so are many which continue to arouse men's pride and wonder, and it is unforgettably told, with fairness, to those who came off worst.

Scholars may argue details; they are welcome to do so, but they can scarcely dispute the outcome of early success at sea, crowned by the overthrow of the most formidable sea-assault ever mounted, at least until our own noisy days.

By chance

The scattering of the Armada, decided England's destiny for centuries ahead; but it was not defeated by chance, and the reasons are made plain in a book which is fine reading.

"Serve God, Love one another. Preserve your victuals. Beware of fire. Keep good company." The author quotes these sentiments by Hawkins, adding: "This was not an order produced for the benefit of posterity—something which would look well in the history books. It meant precisely what it said, and in the sentences of three words each no more was needed for a voyage in Elizabethan times, when sailors were quarrelsome, impudent and careless."

OLIVER WARNER
(London Express Service).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

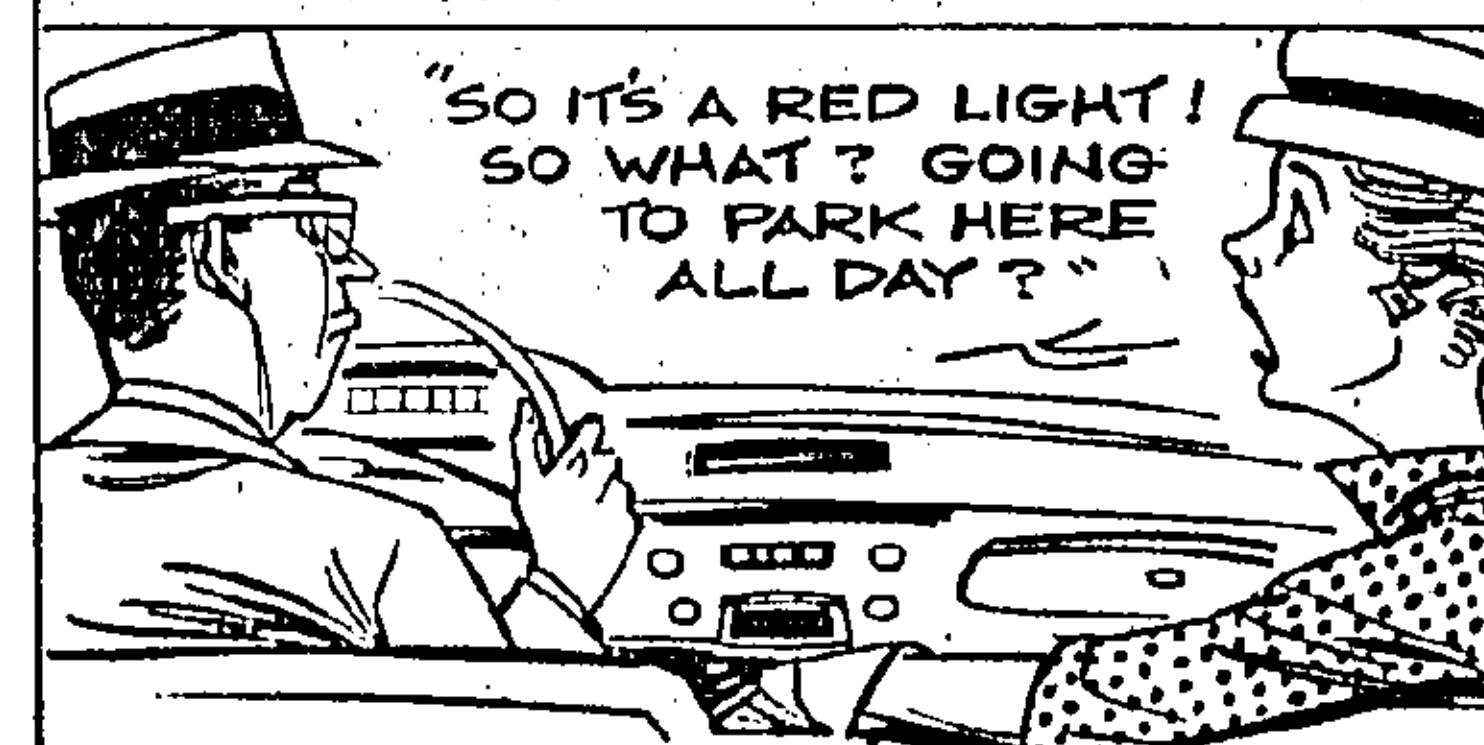
● **THE RING-GIVERS**, by W. H. Canaway. . . . The first best-seller in Britain was the story of Beowulf, tough, chieftain of the heroic age, who was noted for fantastic deeds of strength among our flaxen-haired ancestors in Denmark and neighbouring lands before they brought their long-prowed ships here to conquer. Years later Beowulf's pagan story was still recited at meal-times in the monasteries. Now it has been brought splendidly up to date in this adult novel of blood and action—a kind of Anglo-Saxon Shane, in which our sixth-century forefathers love, fight, and feud with all the ruthlessness of the old Texas cattle-barons. An exciting and enthralling book. (Michael Joseph, 15s.).

● **HEAD IN THE CLOUDS**, by Muriel Hanning-Lee. There is a sad double irony about this self-told story of the life of an air hostess. First, in November 1937, while the book was still at the printers—its author was killed on duty in the Isle of Wight air crash. It was scheduled for publication on February 9. On that day occurred the Munich air disaster. In the grim aftermath the book was barely reviewed at all. A great pity. Muriel's story is genial, informative, and, despite the pathos which surrounds it, should please many readers. (Hodder, 12s. 6d.).

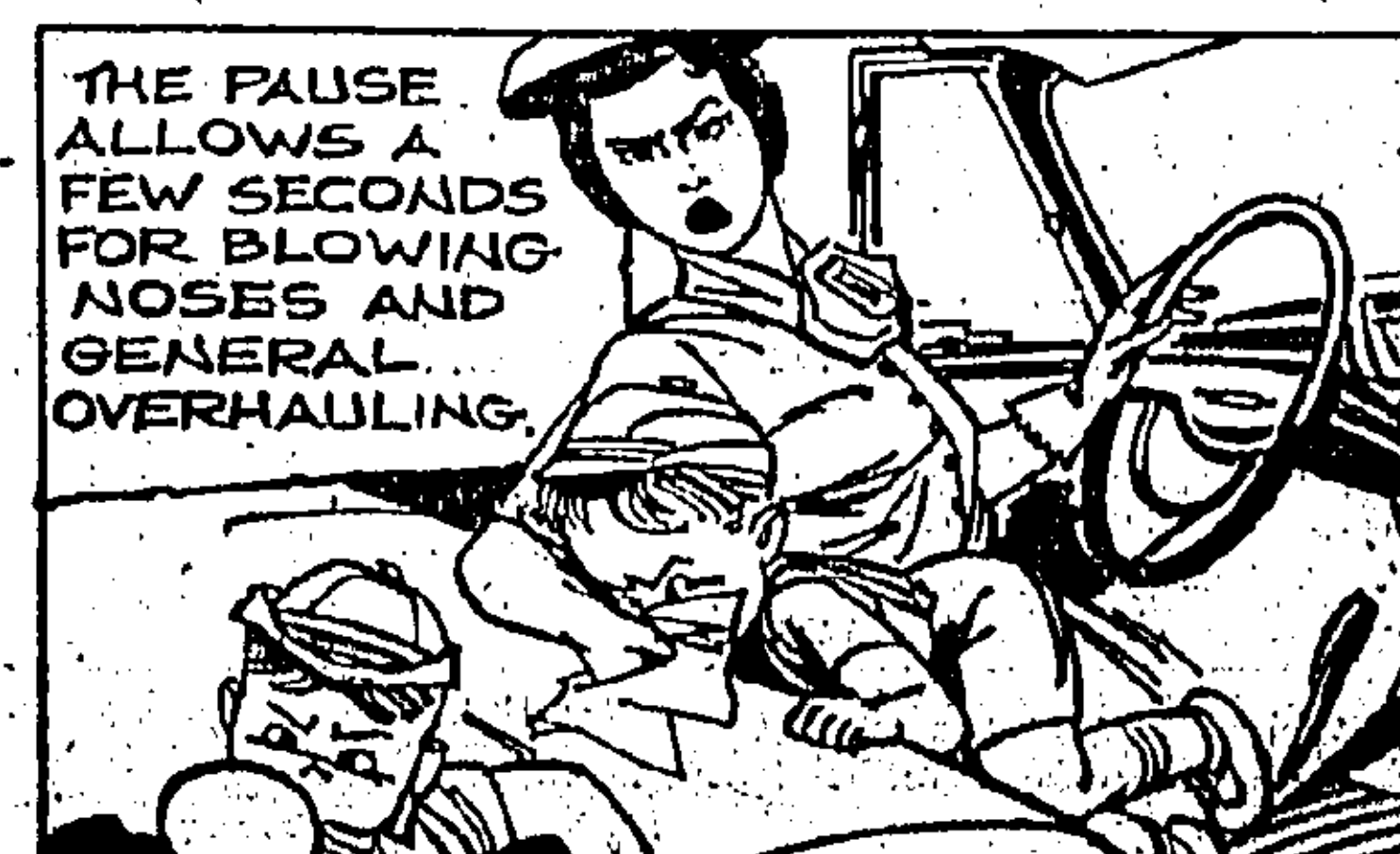
VIGNETTES OF LIFE



YOU HAVE A FEW SECONDS TO TURN AROUND AND ADDRESS THE BACK SEAT DRIVER IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS.



GO AHEAD—JUST DON'T TRY TO PAY THE FINE WITH THE HOUSE MONEY.



THE PAUSE ALLOWS A FEW SECONDS FOR BLOWING NOSES AND GENERAL OVERHAULING.



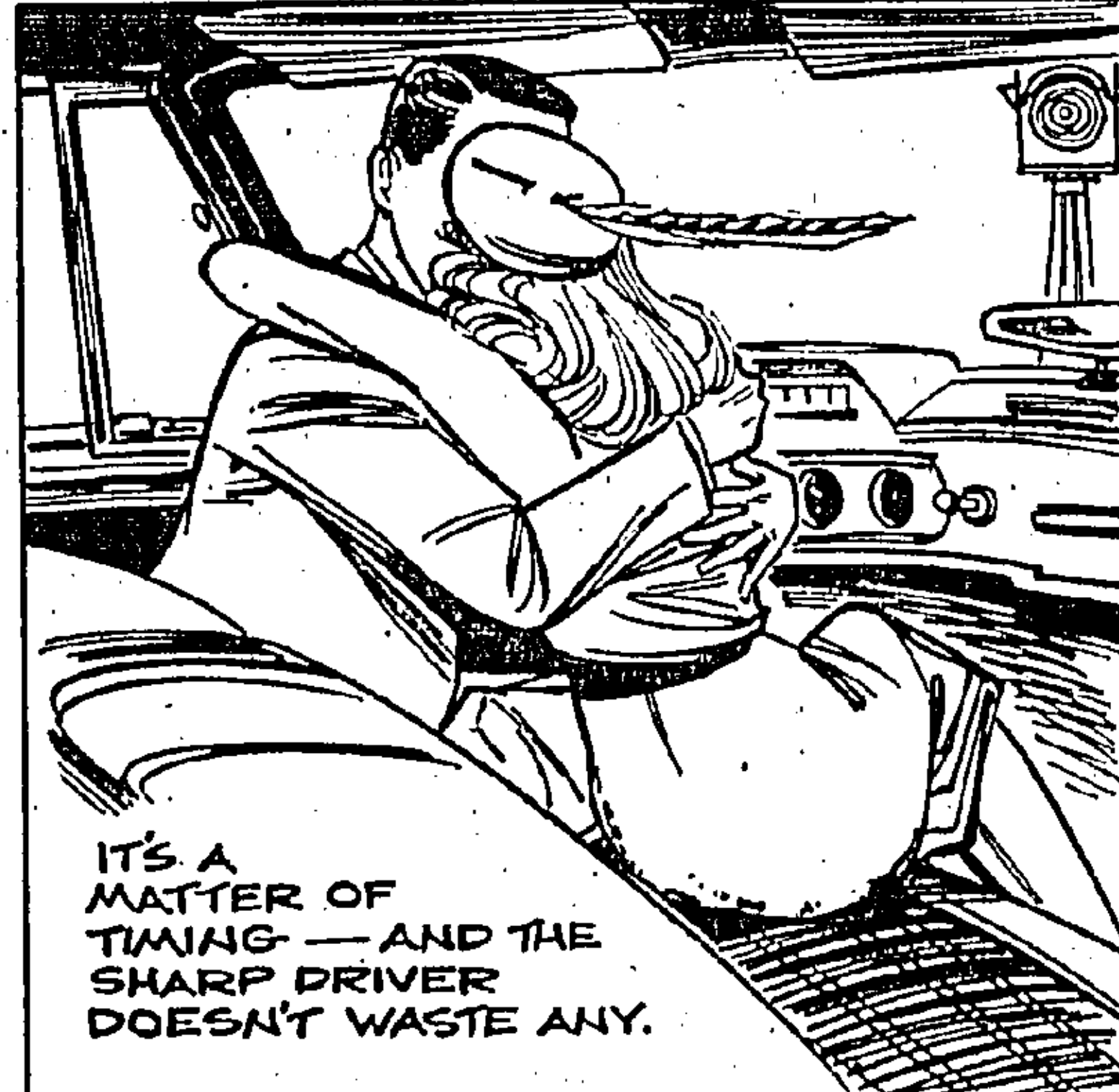
THERE'S TIME FOR QUICK REPAIRS AND ADJUSTMENTS IF THE FACE AND FIGURE HAVE LOST SOME OF THEIR GIRLISH CHARM AND FEMINE ALLURE.



—AND IF THE FAMILY PET IS ON BOARD, YOU HAVE TIME TO SLAP IT DOWN AND MAKE IT GET OFF THE STEERING WHEEL.

Red Light

By Harry Weinert



IT'S A MATTER OF TIMING—AND THE SHARP DRIVER DOESN'T WASTE ANY.



A CHANCE TO LIGHT UP—IF YOU ROLL YOUR OWN, SKIP IT.



"RED LIGHT!" SCREAMS THE FIRST MATE—THEREBY CAUSING YOU TO STALL HALFWAY BETWEEN THIRD BASE AND HOME.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week in Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

A CELEBRATION OF THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY OF RADIO HONGKONG

"Voices Through The Years"

If you looked at your newspaper during the summer of 1928 you might have noticed that Ronald Coleman was starring in "Bulldog Drummond" at the cinema, and the Graf Zeppelin had flown from Germany to Lakehurst, New Jersey, and back; you would have noticed that people were reading a new novel called "All Quiet on the Western Front" and if you went dancing you might have danced to a tune called "Let's Do It," or "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling" and, moreover, when you got home you might have been able to hear these tunes over the Colony's new radio station, for in 1928 broadcasting on an official footing began in Hongkong.

Since most of the station's records were lost during the war, it has not been possible to establish the exact date on which regular broadcasting began and the commemorative is being held on the same date as that chosen for the tenth anniversary celebrations in 1938.

Many special programmes have been arranged to celebrate the occasion.

On Monday at 8.15 Radio Hongkong will be looking back and listening to some of the "Voices Through The Years" who have helped to form the service as it is today. The programme will include pieces in remembrance of some of the personalities as Mrs. Younghouse, Eric O'Neil Shaw, Father T. J. Hyatt, Dr. L. T. Ridge, and Mr. T. O. Tso.

Highlights of past-year broadcasting will be marked by re-broadcasts of some of the outstanding moments in the Colony's post-war years and messages from many other Commonwealth broadcasting stations will climax the programme. "Voices Through The Years" is written by Timothy Birch and produced by Tim Brinton.

of sports reflections, Ted Thomas brings to the listeners the most famous of Hongkong's sporting personalities—men who made their names both on the field of sport and in the committee rooms of the various sporting associations. Looking back on the last thirty years of sport in Hongkong they recall famous sports stars, compare the men and conditions between then and now, and trace the many developments.

Anniversary Recital

Radio Hongkong has been fortunate in having, besides the regular programme, a special Anniversary Recital. A special Anniversary Recital, Moya Bea, Harry Ore, Caroline Bragg, Wong Kuk Ying, Robert Wilcher, and many others well-known to listeners and concert-goers, will take part.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second.)

Music Down The Years

Aileen Woods, whose popular series of musical reminiscences enjoyed one of the longest uninterrupted runs ever on Radio Hongkong, returns to the microphone at 6.00 on Monday evening with an hour-long programme of musical memories.

In this programme she will play the hits of the last thirty years, starting with 1928, the year of the first talking film, Al Jolson's "The Singing Fool." Her selection for this momentous year will be the evergreen "Sonny Boy" by Al Jolson himself. During the occupation of Hongkong, time stood still for the Internees of Stanley Camp, and Aileen Woods recalls that the Warsaw Concerto—which became tremendously popular here immediately after the liberation, had in fact been a great favourite in other countries for nearly three years.

Reflections Of Sport

While Radio Hongkong grew up from its humble beginnings over thirty years ago, there existed a parallel development in the organisation of sport in the Colony. In his forty-five minutes

5.00 UNIT REQUESTS. Conducted by Jane. Calling News, Music, Technical Headquarters.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL.

6.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

6.30 WEATHER REPORT.

6.45 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

6.50 LUNCHEON MUSIC.

7.00 NEWS.

7.15 WEATHER REPORT.

7.30 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

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11.00 WEATHER REPORT.

11.15 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

11.30 NEWS.

11.45 WEATHER REPORT.

12.00 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

5.00 "COMBIE CARAVAN." Music: Folk-Lore; Mock Mozart; Borge Favorites; Minute Waltz; Family Background; Phonetic Punctuations.

5.30 ATOM FOR CHILDREN. "Midnightman Easy" by Captain Atom.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL.

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11.45 WEATHER REPORT.

12.00 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

12.15 P.M. MORNING PRAYERS. By the Rev. E. Sandbach.

12.20 CANADIAN SHOWCASE. With Terry Dale (Vocal) and Albert Price, his violin and Orchestra.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.

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BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.750 Mc/s, 11.65m; and 21.550 Mc/s, 13.82m)

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Saturday, June 28

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7.00 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

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YOUR PRINTING

Too many proofs mean time wasted.
We grasp the point at the onset and
ONE PROOF generally suffices.
After that, our up-to-date automatic
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Let us quote for your current
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OPERA

ON ITALIAN RECORDINGS

IL TROVATORE (Verdi)
Leonora: Caterina Mancini, Soprano
Alcega: Miriam Plazini, Mezzo-Soprano
Iscariot: Grazia Schiavi, Soprano
Maurice: Giuseppe Lodi-Volpi, Tenor

Orchestra and Chorus of Radio Italiana
under the direction of Fernando Previtali

MOUTRIES

Alexandra House, Hong Kong. Tel: 20527
Miramar Arcade, Kowloon. Tel: 63019

L'ELISIR D'AMORE (Donizetti)
Adina: Alda Noni, Soprano
Nemorino: Cesare Valtelli, Tenor

Orchestra and Chorus of Radio Italiana
Conductor: Giannandrea Gavazzeni

PAGLIACCI (Leoncavallo)
Nedda: Carla Gavazzi, Soprano
Camillo: Carlo Bergonzi, Tenor
Tonio: Carlo Tagliabue, Baritone

Orchestra and Chorus of Radio Italiana
under the direction of Alfredo Simonetto

TOSCA (Puccini)
Flora Tosca: Adriana Quartini, Soprano
Mario Cavaradossi: Gland Fogli, Tenor
Baron Scarpia: Paolo Silveri, Baritone

Orchestra and Chorus of Radio Italiana of Turin
under the direction of Francesco Molinari-Pradelli

MONDAY, JUNE 30
7.30 p.m. COMPOSER OF THE WEEK.
Weber (on records).
8.00 COMMENTARY.

TUESDAY, JULY 1
7.30 p.m. WEST COUNTRY MAGAZINE.
8.00 NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
8.45 NEWS.
9.00 WEATHER REPORT.

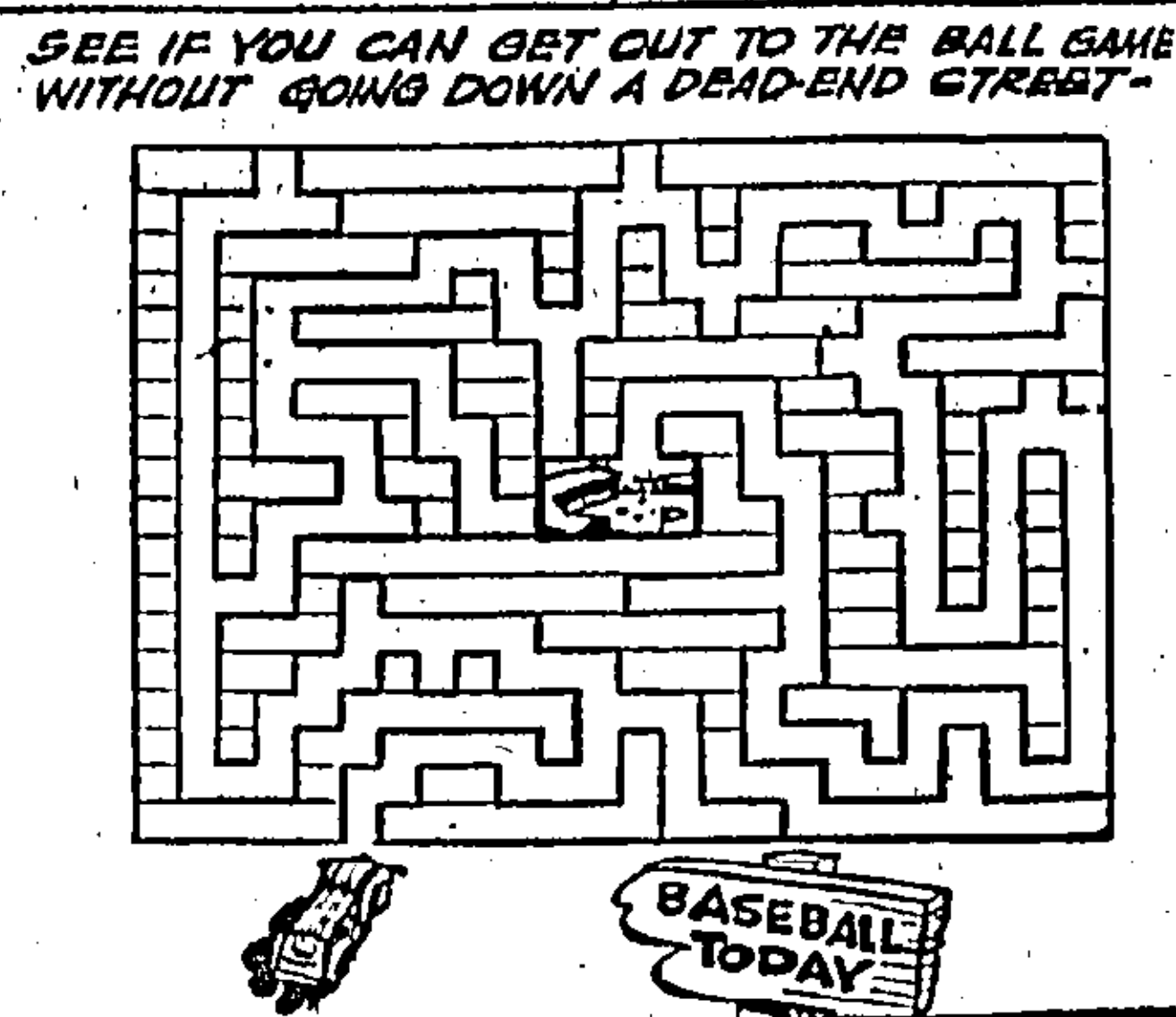
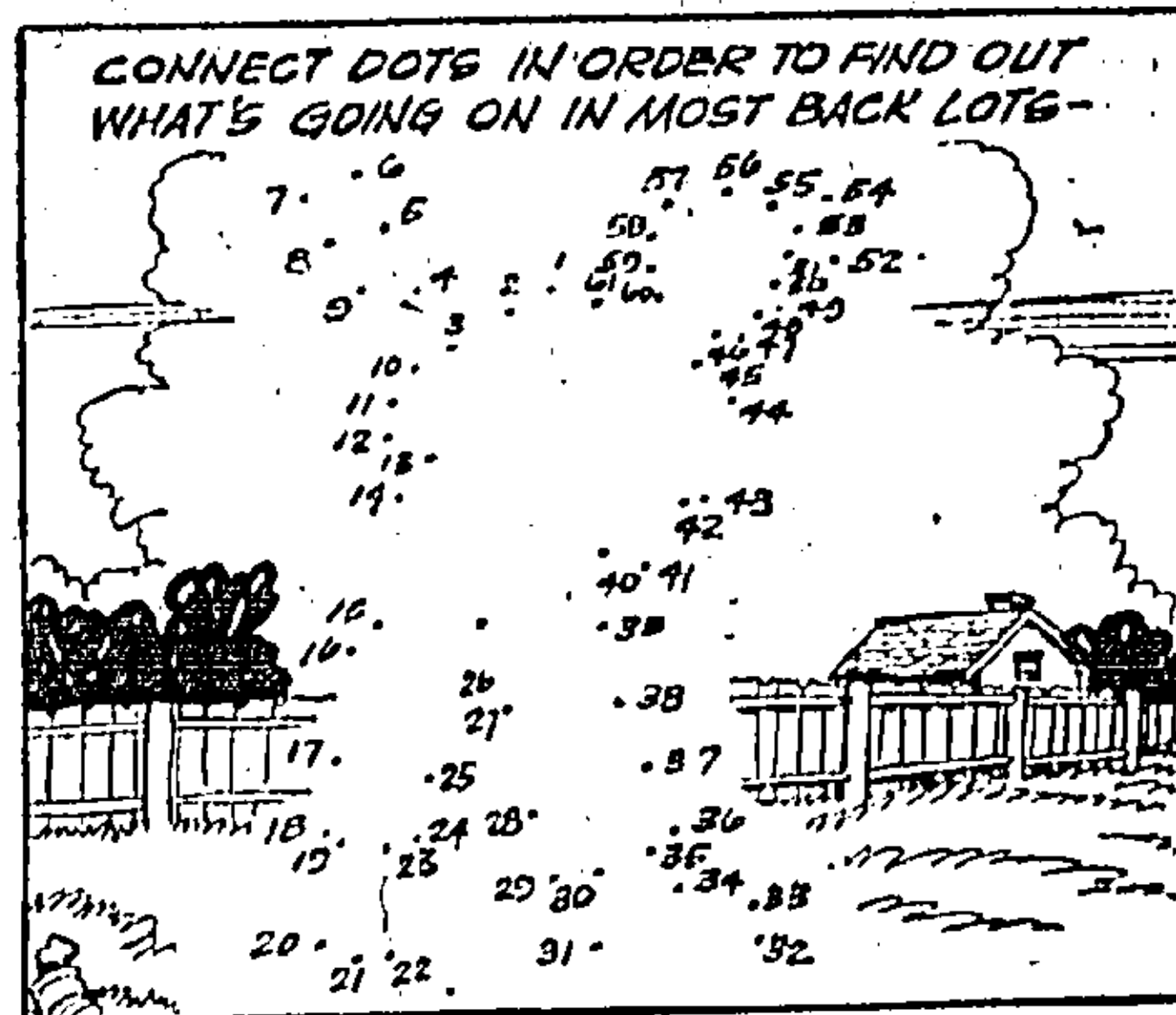
WEDNESDAY, JULY 2
7.30 p.m. THE HAPPY WANDERER.
Records presented by Lilian Duff.
8.00 NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
8.45 NEWS.
9.00 WEATHER REPORT.

THURSDAY, JULY 3
7.30 p.m. THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.
Records presented by Lilian Duff.
8.00 NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
8.45 NEWS.
9.00 WEATHER REPORT.

FRIDAY, JULY 4
7.30 p.m. THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.
Records presented by Lilian Duff.
8.00 NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
8.45 NEWS.
9.00 WEATHER REPORT.

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Two Puzzles For You To Try ICE CREAM FOR JIMMY



At the bus-stop Jimmy's mother told him, "Sit on the bench like a good boy, Jimmy, while I go into the bank and cash a cheque. I'll be back before the bus gets here."

Jimmy sat on the bench, swung his feet back and forth, and watched the cars move slowly in the heavy traffic. But he soon became tired of sitting there.

So Jimmy got up and stood beside the bank's double doors. Now he could watch the blind man, on a stool nearby, who was playing his violin.

A few people, in passing, dropped money into the blind man's tin can. Jimmy wished he had some money, but he hadn't any. His mother couldn't let him have spending money, because she was saving up money for taxes.



said a deep voice. Jimmy looked up, and recognised his neighbour, Mr. Ward.

Jimmy was led into the sweet shop. "Give this youngster a cone with two scoops of chocolate ice cream and another cone with two scoops of pineapple ice cream," said the man to the waitress.

"But—but Mister, that's—that's an awful lot!" Jimmy stammered.

"Can't you eat it, hon?" the man teased him.

"Yes, of course, but—"

"Then I want you to have it, because you are the kind of dependable boy I like."

★ ★ ★

WHEN JIMMY reached the bench, with both hands full, his mother came from the bank and sat down beside him.

"Have a treat, Mother," offered Jimmy, handing her the pineapple ice cream cone.

"Where did you get the ice cream?" asked his mother in surprise.

"Our neighbour, Mr. Ward, treated me. He saw me give the blind man the dollar bill I found right beside him on the pavement."

"I'm proud of my boy," praised Jimmy's mother.

—Olga Root Newcombe

ROMANCE OF THE STEAMBOAT DAYS

Freight moves at a fast pace these days. Huge trucks haul it, diesel engines speed perishable freight in refrigerated cars; loaded planes take to the skyways hourly. But the romantic era of freighting passed with the steamboat.

Nothing can quite come up to the excitement caused by the first sound of a favourite packet, as its whistle sounded over the water.

Then it was that great crowd gathered on the levee, a jumble of freight wagons, drays, family carriages, Negro roustabouts and the merely curious. And if the landing was made after dark the whole levee was ablaze with pine knot flames. These early steamboats had tall smokestacks to create a powerful draft, paddle wheels that could operate in shallow water, and one or two decks above the engine room to house and feed the passengers.

Headlights, if any, were merely iron baskets filled with blazing pin knots swung out on a boom 10 or 15 feet before the bow. Engine fuel was wood or coal, except in racing when kegs of resin, turpentine and even fat pork might be tossed into the glowing fireboxes.



Cotton was the chief item of freight in the south. Six or eight watchmen guarded the cargo with buckets of water at hand as the sparks sprayed out of the stacks like a giant fireworks display. When the steamer anchored, the roustabouts took over moving it. Huge piles of bacon, flour, whiskey, lard, pork, hay, oats, bran and corn were milled with beautiful furniture.

Freight rates were based on the stage of the river. When it was low there were many hazards. Then it might cost as much as \$10 a bale to get the cotton freighted. But when the water was up the price might drop to as low as a dollar per bale. Boats carried from 1,000 to 2,500 bales at a time.

Those were the days when wagon yards did a thriving business. To get the inland

planter's crop to the landing required weeks of hauling by ox-drawn wagons. Sometimes as many as six or eight yoke of oxen were needed to pull the wagons through the mud.

These wagons were fascinating affairs, especially to small boys, who looked greedily at the "provision box" attached to the rear of each one, filled with cold boiled fresh ham, fried chicken, potato, bread and jam cake.

—M. G. SHELTON

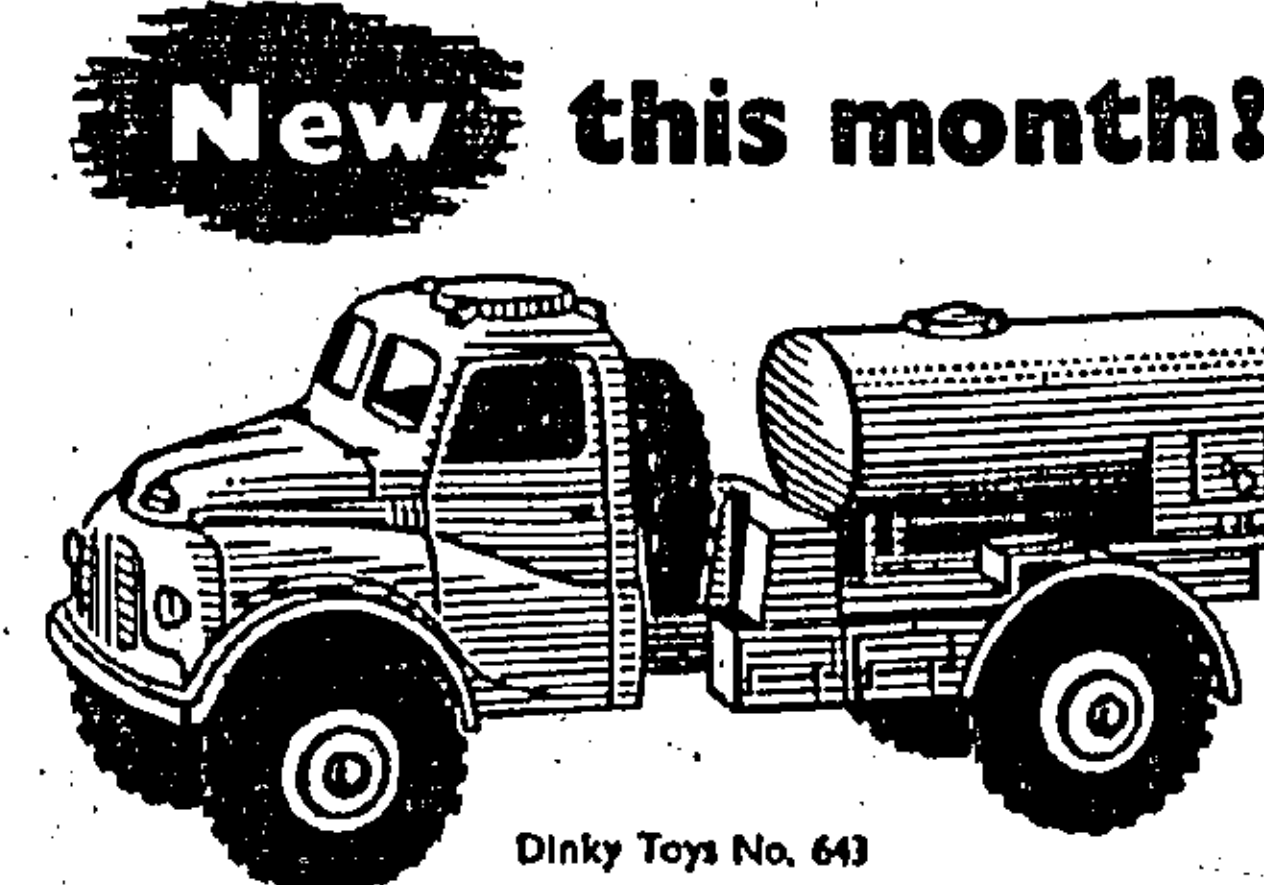
How A Radio Telescope Works



...IT'S CALLED A RADIO TELESCOPE AND IT SEES BY RECEIVING AND RECORDING RADIO WAVES FROM OUTER SPACE. WAVES ARE SENT BY OUR SUN AND MOON BUT, MORE IMPORTANT, ALSO BY DISTANT NEBULAE, GALAXIES AND COLLECTIONS OF GASES FAR OUT IN SPACE. VAST, NEW AREAS ARE BEING MAPPED.

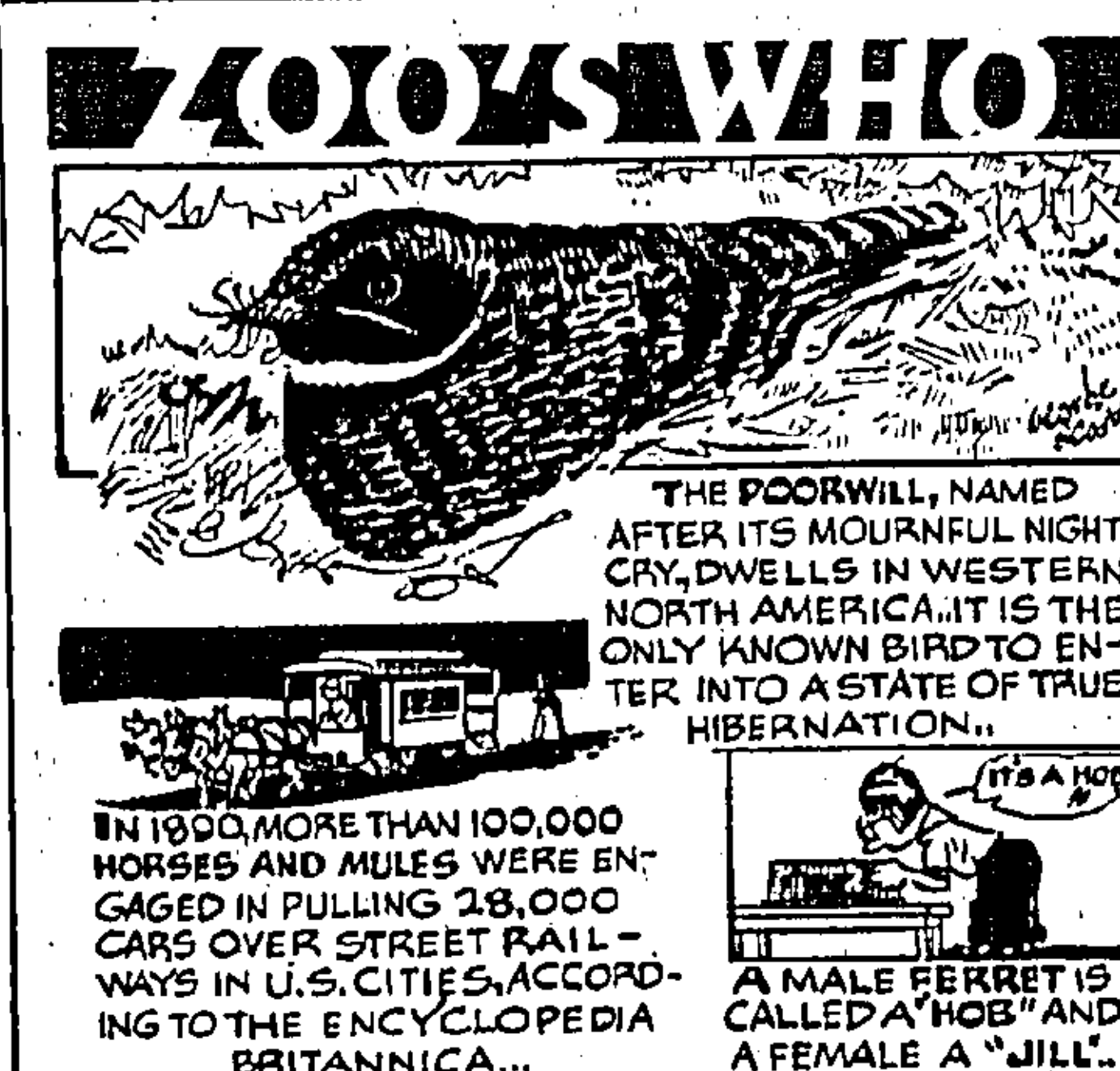
IT SEES THROUGH THE IONOSPHERE AND THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE THAT BLOCK MOST OF THE SPECTRUM TO OBSERVATION. THE LARGEST RADIO TELESCOPE OF THE "DISH" TYPE, 250 FEET ACROSS AND 180 FEET HIGH, IS IN OPERATION NEAR MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

OPTICAL TELESCOPE SEES THROUGH ONLY A SLIVER OF THE SPECTRUM—LEAVES MUCH UNSEEN.



ARMY WATER TANKER
No army can go into battle without water tankers! And here is the latest Dinky Toys model finished in Service green... an authentically-detailed Army Water Tanker—with driver and spare wheel—essential to your collection. See it now at your dealers; you will be delighted with it and the many other fine models in the Dinky Toys range. Length 3 1/2" (89mm).

Keep on collecting
DINKY TOYS
MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LTD., BINNS RD., LIVERPOOL 15



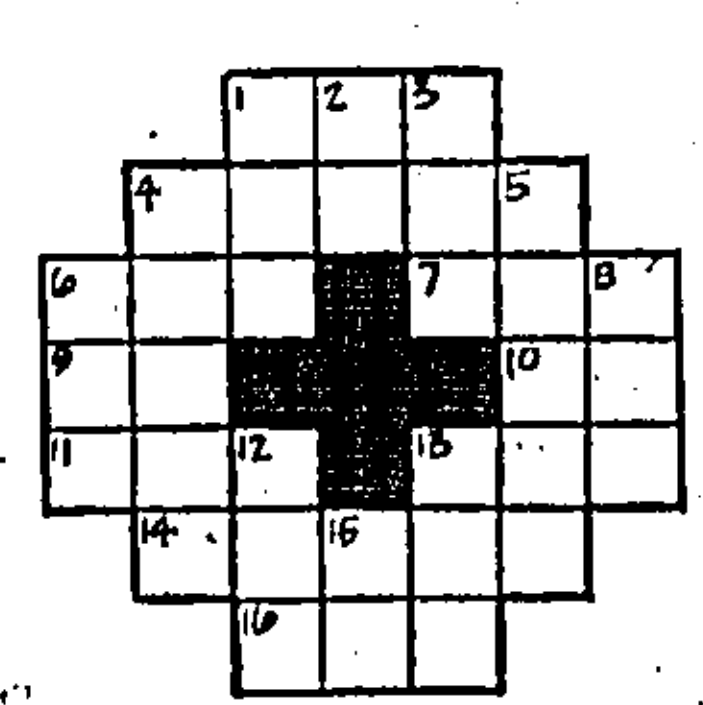
Rupert and the Jackdaw—23



Rupert is now as anxious to go as he was to get in and he leads the way to the open window when a cry from his pal stops him. "Just a mo'," says Bill. "Have a look at the fireplace. I believe I saw something moving there." Rather unwillingly Rupert turns to cross the room. Bill removes the fireguard and they peer into the grate. "All that stuff must have come down the chimney," says Rupert. "It's mostly grubby snow and there's something black in it and... oh, my! You're right. It is moving!"

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

CROSSWORD



- ACROSS
- Unusual
 - Smells
 - Mimic
 - Suit
 - Musical note
 - Negative reply
 - Powerful explosive
 - Cleopatra's snake
 - Kind of cloth
 - Colouring matter
- DOWN
- Poem
 - Accomplish
 - Arid
 - Uncloses
 - Intelligence
 - School subject
 - Spinning toy
 - Boy's nickname
 - Years of your life
 - Railway (ab.)

PICTURE WORD SQUARE

Use a four-letter word to describe each picture or its wording, and when you put them down in rotation, you'll find your answer reads the same down as across.



WORD DROPS

Drop the correct letter from each of these words and you'll find the remainder is a part of your body:

- SHIP
WHEEL
CHAIR
SHINE

TRIANGLE

Puzzle Pete has hung his word triangle from TALENT. The second word is "talent"; third "talent"; fourth "talent"; fifth "talent". Can you complete the triangle?

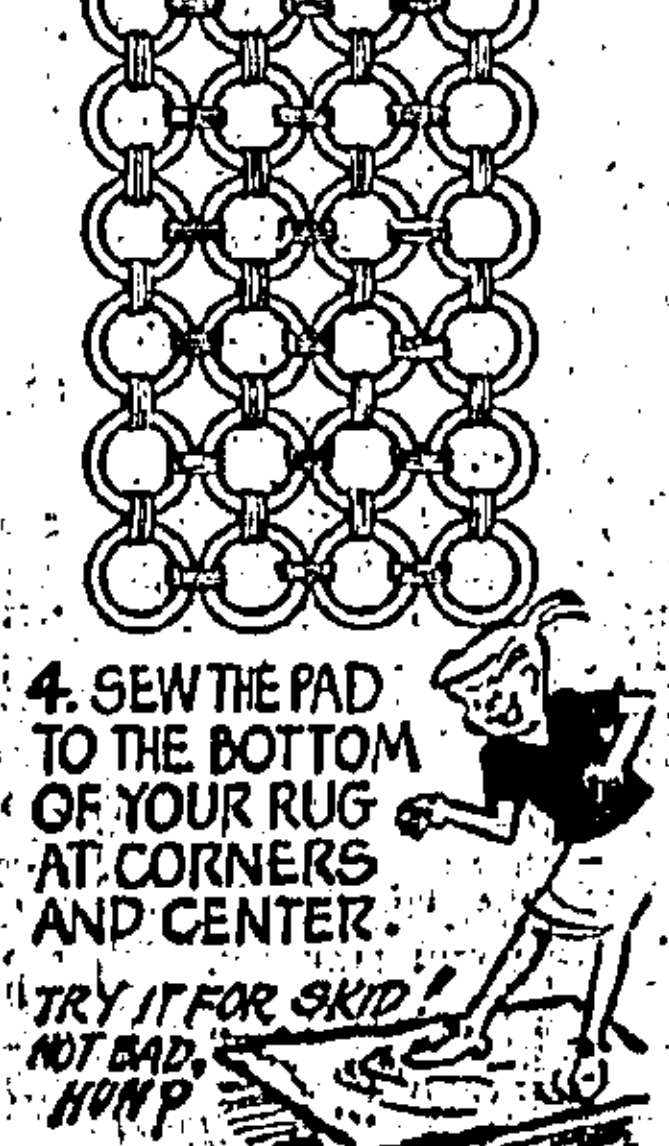
- TALENT
L
E
N
T

(Solutions on Page 20)

HOW NON-SKID TO RUG PAD

- LAY THE SMALL RUG FOR WHICH YOU NEED A PAD ON THE FLOOR.
- LAY THE RUBBER JAR RINGS IN ROWS TO COVER IT.
- LAY THE JAR RINGS ON THE FLOOR IN THE SAME ORDER...TIE THEM TOGETHER TWO AT A TIME WITH PIECES OF HEAVY NYLON THREAD ABOUT 12 IN. LONG.
- SEW THE PAD TO THE BOTTOM OF YOUR RUG AT CORNERS AND CENTER.

3. KEEP ON UNTIL ALL ARE TIED INTO ONE LARGE UNIT.



Brain Teasers To Try

PROVE THESE WORDS by filling in the blanks to make words to fit the definitions.

- PROVE — Wise saying.
- PROVE — To anger.
- PROVE — To think favourably of.
- PROVE — Furnish with.
- PROVE — To chide.
- PROVE — To grow better.
- PROVE — Division of a country.
- PROVE — Thrifty.
- PROVE — Fruition.
- PROVE — Thrusting forward.
- PROVE — Form an idea beforehand.
- PROVE — Favouring improvement.

ANSWERS: 1-Prove, 2-Prove, 3-Prove, 4-Prove, 5-Prove, 6-Prove, 7-Prove, 8-Prove, 9-Prove, 10-Prove, 11-Prove, 12-Prove.

Why Knarf Was Late

—He Stopped To Do A Favor For A Cat—

By MAX TRELL

"MY goodness," Hanid, the Shadow Girl with the Turned-About Name, said to her brother, Knarf, when he came into the room. "You've been gone most of the afternoon. Yet all you did was to go to the grocery store around the corner. What took you so long?"

Knarf sat himself down next to Hanid. He was all out of breath.

Finally he said: "I could have been back much sooner except that I stopped and did a Cat a favour."

"You did a Cat a favour?" exclaimed Hanid. "What kind of a favour did you do?"

"Well," said Knarf, "this Cat had a piece of fresh fish which someone had just given her. The piece of fish was in a dish on the back steps of the house next door. When she saw me, she asked if I would do her the favour of watching the piece of fish while she ran across the street to visit one of her Kittens."

"I'm in a hurry to go to the grocery store," I told the Cat. "I'll only be gone a couple of minutes," she told me.

"So I finally agreed to do the Cat a favour by watching the piece of fish in the dish while she ran across the street to visit one of her Kittens."

"That shouldn't have taken very long," said Hanid. "What happened?"

"Well," said Knarf, "no sooner did the Cat go across the street and leave me with the dish with the piece of fish in it, when suddenly another Cat came along. Before I could do anything, this other Cat snatched the fish and ran down the street with it."

"What did you do?" asked Hanid.

"I ran after him," said Knarf. "He ran around the corner, but I grabbed him tail. He dropped the piece of fish and ran into a cellar. But just as I was about to pick up the piece of fish, a good care of it. And she said she would do me a favour any time I wanted it."

"On dear," said Hanid. "Did the Cat take the piece of fish?"

"He certainly did," said Knarf. "He snatched it in his paw, and he couldn't buy in back and flow up into an elm a grocery store, so I had to go myself. And that's why I'm so late."

"What did you do?" asked Hanid.

"What did I do?" said Knarf. "You certainly got into a lot of trouble just doing a Cat a tree. But it was a slippery elm favour."



The strange Cat snatched the fish and ran away.

tree and I couldn't climb very high. Just then a man came along.

"What you need," said the man, "is a ladder. Look," he said, pointing across the street. "There's a painter, painting a house." Ask him if you can borrow his ladder."

"So I went across the street," said Knarf, "and asked the painter if I could borrow his ladder so as to climb up the slippery elm and find the Crow who had stolen the fish from the Cat which had stolen the piece of fish from the first Cat which had gone across the street to visit one of her Kittens."

"That shouldn't have taken very long," said Hanid. "What happened?"

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Regent St.

I CALL IT THE STREET
OF 10,000 TEMPTATIONS!

Regent Street greeted recently with a gay show of pennants and flowers to mark the start of Regent Street shopping fortnight. But it does much more than that. For the decorations draw the world's eyes once again to one of the world's most elegant streets of shops.

By JOHN CLARKE

THE "First Gentleman of Europe," the Prince Regent, conceived it. John Nash, who saw himself as "a thick, squat, dwarf figure," designed it. It was planned to lead from a palace that no longer exists to a house that was never built.

And when it was completely renovated in 1924, it was called "a monstrosity in stone, a display of sheer ignorance, vulgar and ridiculous." But George V was "very pleased" with it, and Regent Street remained to become the shopping centre of the world.

The first Regent Street was born in the quarries of the Isle of Portland, where Nash obtained his stone. In 1810 the stone area fell into the hands of the Crown.

The Prince Regent, who wanted to outdo Napoleon, asked Nash to build a highway from Carlton House, that "Royal Hell," to a house he was going to have built in Regent's Park. Seven hundred slum dwellings were pulled down, and Nash went to work.

Dickens and Thackeray often wandered down it, and Marie Lloyd chased the head waiter of the new Cafe Royal round the Grill Room with a hat-pin. She loved the new street.

THE SPIRIT

The 1914-18 war saw its death. "This is a disgrace to our civilisation," wrote an embittered journalist as the demilitarised moved in.

The breaking-up of Nash's Quadrant, whose pillars were sold for seven guineas each, caused tremendous public feeling. But the hansom cabs had been displaced by the double-decker bus, and more room was needed.

By 1923, and after spending £15 million, there was nothing left of Nash's great work. Instead, the royal thoroughfare had been transformed into a wide boulevard that today is the mecca for the world's shoppers.

If London were an Eastern city, Regent Street might have a longer, more picturesque name. The Street of Ten Thousand Temptations would suit it well. For you can buy anything there, from kite-string to gold plate, and the scale on which they do things is fairly told by one store's story.



How right he was to do so. For these two who were, so young, were the big buyers of tomorrow, and where their hearts lay now in the world of shopping, they would lie in ten, twenty, thirty years' time. I think it is typical of Regent Street's warm, friendly care for the individual that the men and girls who work in its shops should be given a chance to take part in the window-display competition. They can pit their judgment against the experts and win a prize. It is in attention to such small detail that Regent Street scores.

THE H-BOMB WATCHERS GO UNDERGROUND

A BAND of volunteers—bank clerks, farmers, factory workers, shop assistants—will go underground to plot nuclear fall-out over Britain in an H-Bomb war.

A network of below-ground observation posts is being built for the men of the Royal Observer Corps, wartime eyes and ears of Fighter Command. And into them is going advanced recording equipment.

Two hundred posts are already built or are under construction and 500 should be in use by the end of next year. Eventually all 1,500 above-ground posts will have underground cellars attached.

Fifteen feet below ground and with three-ft. thick concrete walls around them, the volunteers can live on hard rations for several days.

At November One, a post 300ft. up on the edge of Salisbury Plain near Farnham, Surrey, the new equipment was shown for the first time recently.

It includes a ground zero indicator—a crude, pin-hole camera—for recording a nuclear bomb burst's position and height, a bomb power indicator for measuring pressure of blast, and a survey meter to give below-ground readings of gamma radiation.

Big problem of the Royal Observer Corps is recruitment. —(Express Service).

THEODORE —KING OF SOHO

He was a 'special agent'... was offered the Crown of Corsica... pledged his kingdom to pay his debts... languished in a London gaol

by PETER FORSTER

THE Church of St Anne's, Soho, was destroyed in the blitz, and only the tower still stands. At its foot, on the side facing Wardour Street and the ruined Queen's Theatre, there are two memorial plaques. One is to William Hazlitt, "Painter, Critic, Essayist." The other, surmounted by a crumbling crown, reads thus:

"Near this place is interred the body of THEODORE, King of Corsica, who died in this parish December 11, 1798, immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison by benefit of the Insolvent Act, in consequence of which he registered his kingdom of CORSICA for the use of his creditors."

It is no hoax. Theodore was King of Corsica, was committed for debt in England, and did die in Soho.

LATE IN LIFE

True, royalty came to him rather late in his life. During most of it he was known as Theodore, Baron von Neuhoff, though in his time he used many incognito, as a priest, a notary, an odd-job man, a mirror and one of his favourite roles—a commercial traveller called "Smith." For Theodore was an international agent.

As such his fortunes varied. He knew most of the courts and Kings of Europe; also many of the prisons and public hospitals. He experienced considerable wealth and crushing poverty. His work was almost always dangerous, and once he realised how near he had come to sudden death only when he took off his wig and an assassin's bullet fell from it.

Theodore was born in the late sixteenth century in Germany, of a Westphalian stock. Family influence obtained for him the post of page at Louis XIV's court at Versailles.

TASTE FOR LUXURY

The grandiose court of the Roi Soleil gave him a taste for luxury and a grounding in chicory that decided the course of his life. For a while he went to war with the French cavalry, then entered the service of Baron Goertz, Chief Minister to the ascetic, ascetic King, Charles XII of Sweden.

After Charles XII's death he transferred his allegiance to Alberoni, the current master of Spain, arriving there in a coach crammed with valuables. Theodore was overthrown before he arrived, and Theodore was soon reduced to penury in Madrid. Worse, he fell seriously ill. Every great adventurer, however, has at least one piece of misadventure. And this happened to Theodore when a veiled lady stole into his sick-room one afternoon and left a purse of gold on his table.

Later he learned that she was a Madrid-Waitress to the Queen of Spain, and had fallen in love with him; Theodore therefore married her. But he soon found Spain dull, and his wife even duller. And when he learned that she was expecting a baby he decamped to Paris—with her jewellery.

WENT OVER

There he ingratiated himself with the French by informing them of Spanish secrets; then went over to the Austrians, arriving with important French credentials. This coup put Theodore in the top class of European spies, and he travelled extensively and luxuriously in the employ of Tizendoff, the Austrian Chancellor. In 1729 he was living in Rome.

It was here that Corsica entered his life. The islanders were in revolt against their overlords, the Genoese. Theodore was able to arrange some Austrian support for the Corsicans, and a number of exiled rebels saw in this persuasive, powerful-seeming stranger—for Theodore was nothing if not eloquent—a possible saviour for their not-very-successful cause; they begged him to lead a liberating expedition. More, as Corsica had no royal family they offered him the crown, which he cheerfully accepted.

So Theodore severed his Austrian connection and went off to enlist Turkish aid. Surviving capture by Moorish sea-pirates he reached the Bosphorus. UNTIMELY DEATH At first all went well. Hungarian rebels were enrolled in support and Theodore, very nearly managed to stir up a general European war against the Holy Roman Empire in order to secure his little island kingdom. But the untimely death of Rakoczi, the Hungarian patriot leader, brought the intended alliance to nothing. Then there were other delays, and eventually Theodore, now a ship from the son of the British Consul and set sail for Corsica.

He followed—or possibly set—the habit of retired royalty and made his home in England. For a season he was lionised by society, and the public paid a shilling a head to see the room he had occupied on his previous visit to London. But his debts grew, and finally the implacable Genoese engineered his arrest; he was thrown into the squalor of the King's Bench Debtors' Prison. Not for almost a century had a king been imprisoned in London, and the great world flocked to Southwark to see the sight; they might hear his tale of woe, or even catch him at an investiture for as his mind softened under misfortune, Theodore took to bestowing kindnesses and orders upon his visitors.

REOPENED

Two years later his case was reopened. Horace Walpole wrote a horribly testaceous satire imploring a subscription for the fallen monarch and suggesting a benefit performance of "King Lear."

Garriek, generous as ever, did give a benefit, but as this raised only £50 Theodore thought he had been swindled and threatened proceedings. Eventually Theodore declared himself insolvent. Brought before the court and told to state his assets and possessions, he made his famous reply: "I have nothing, but my kingdom of Corsica."

Corsica was duly entered as a surety—though it is not recorded whether any of his creditors ever attempted to claim on it—and Theodore was released at last.

DEGRADATION

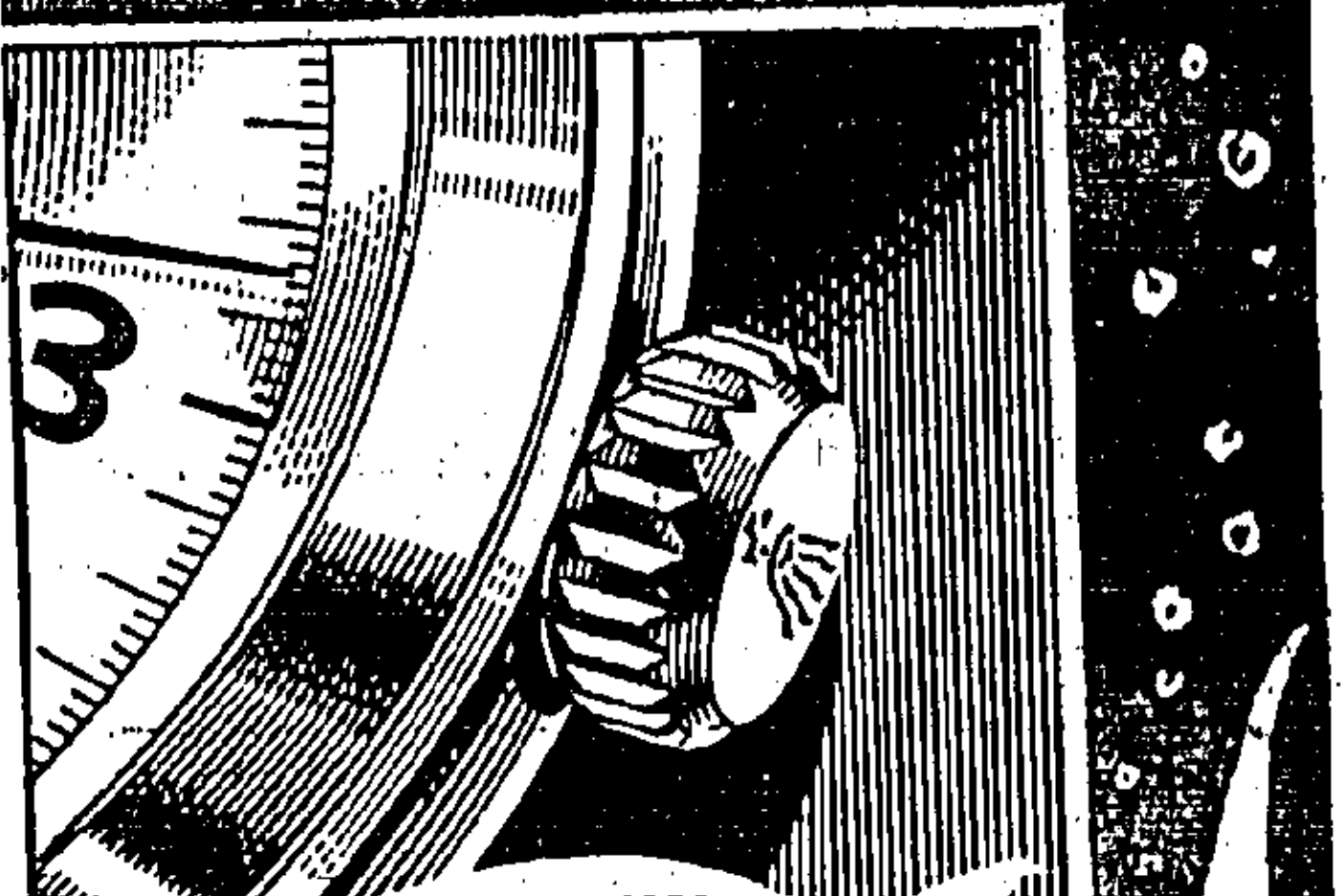
His story ends in complete degradation. A mock lying-in-state was arranged in the tailor's huck room, an old faded scarlet coat thrown over Theodore's body, an empty scabbard by his side, his name scrawled on the wall above his head. The price of admission is unknown, but the attendance was said to be remarkable.

So Theodore came to Soho, ever the refugee in London for foreign eccentrics; and he lies somewhere in the little churchyard where, how an uncouth crowd sits in all weathers; the spire, the soaks, the destitute, the bored, and even, simply, the tired. Horace Walpole has the last word in the epitaph on Theodore's plaque:

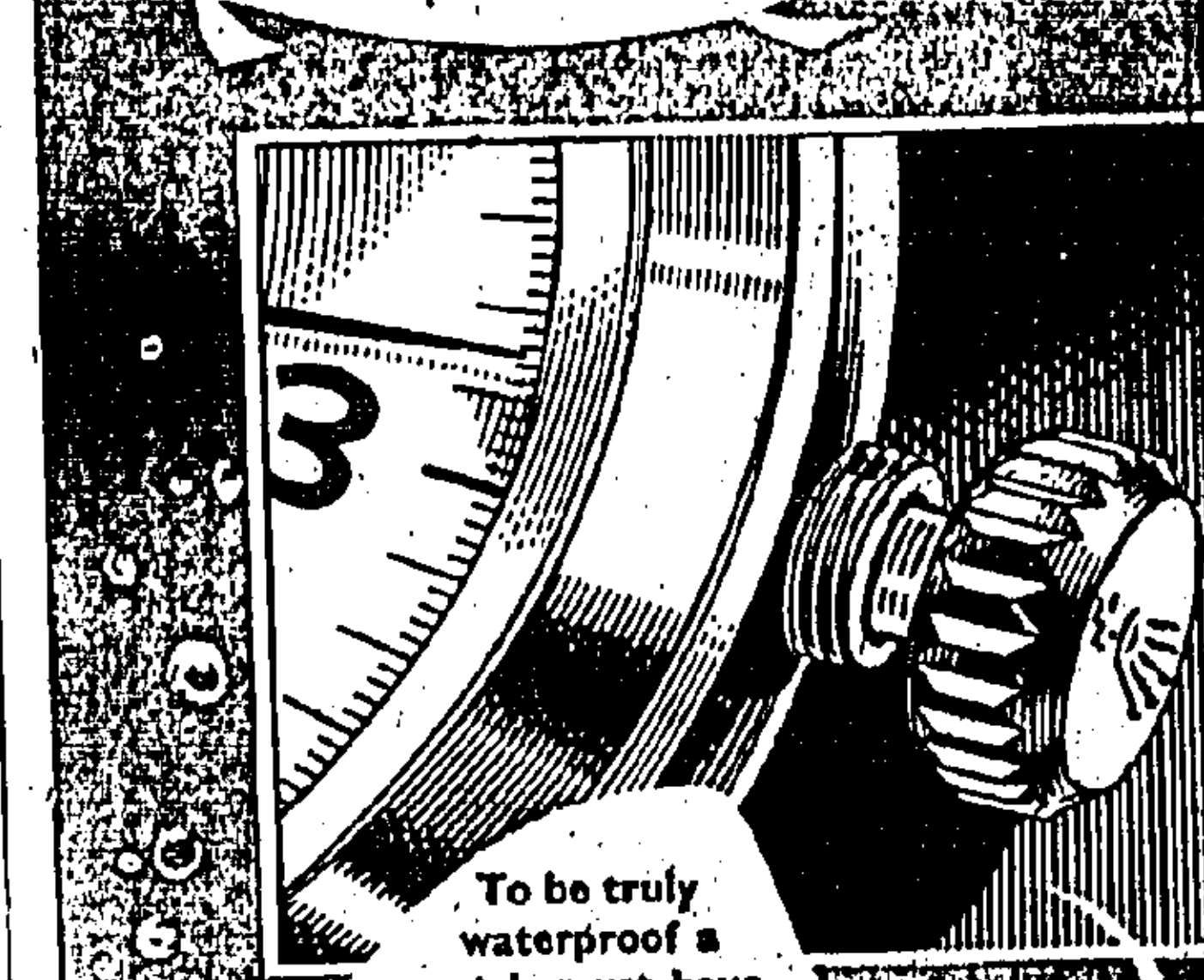
"The Great, great teacher, to a level brings Heroes and beggars, valley-slaves and kings, But تذكرة this moral learnt ere dead, Fate poured its lessons on his living head, Bestow'd a kingdom, and deny'd him bread."

27 fathoms
down

—and ROLEX Oyster still runs accurately as ever.



Since 1956 all ROLEX and Tudor Oyster cases equipped with Twinlock crown have been guaranteed waterproof to an underwater depth of 165 ft.



To be truly waterproof a watch must have a screw-down crown. ROLEX are the world's only manufacturer of screw-down double safety Twinlock crown.



ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

HOW'S THIS FOR VARIETY?

- ★ Regent Street occupies over 18 columns—164 inches of small print—in the Post Office London Directory.
- ★ It has 13 banks, two night clubs, tourist offices of, among others, Blackpool and Bermuda, two pearl-stringers, and a potted shrimps firm.
- ★ The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge has a book shop in Regent Street, the Wells Church Fund Raising Organisation had its offices there, and the Seventh Day Adventists have a cinema.

- ★ There are clothing firms by the hundreds, and neat differentials appear—like the swim suit maker next door to a manufacturer of bathing costumes.
- ★ There are film, variety, theatrical, and turf commission agents, an office of the Uganda Electricity Board, and one of the German Sleeping and Dining Car Co.
- ★ Every working day 58 postmen deliver 37,000 letters to offices and shops.



"After this, Ike ought to let us off paying back the American loan."



Jack 'n Gill

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SWIM SUITS

DELICIOUS COLOURS — STURDY FABRICS
MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES
SIZES — 2 TO 12 — UP TO \$36.00

FOR BOYS
SHIRTS GALORE

WASH 'N WEAR EM — COLOURFUL 'N COOL
SIZES — 4 TO 12 — UP TO \$18.50

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DRAMA ON THE CENTRE COURT

She Was Wimbledon's Bravest Champion

By DENNIS HART

"Game, set and match to..."

The umpire's monotone was drowned in the cheers of 18,000 spectators packing the Centre Court on that sweltering July day.

Never had a Wimbledon crowd applauded with such feeling. For never had there been a champion like Doris Hart.

Here was a girl who had fought all the way, not only to climb the ladder of success but even to get on to the first rung.

When she was one year old, she contracted an infection in the knee. An operation saved her leg, but left her permanently maimed. Or so the doctors thought.

The "cripple" grew up to be a great tennis player but alongside such stars as Louise Brough and her brilliant doubles-partner Margaret Osborne, now Mrs Du Pont.

Twice Doris Hart got to the Wimbledon final, only to lose to Margaret Osborne in 1947 and to Louise Brough the following year.

In 1949, eye trouble put her out of action, and the next Wimbledon saw her hopes dashed once more by the all-powerful Louise Brough.

Memorable Triple

Back came the gallant Doris Hart in 1951—this time to sweep all before her. She won the singles title and shared the victory in the women's doubles and the mixed doubles to complete a memorable triple success.

In the women's singles final, Doris Hart came up against her room-mate and travelling companion on many world tours, Shirley Fry.

A determined fighter on the court, Miss Fry had beaten Louise Brough to get to the final. But once there she was completely outclassed in one of the most brilliant tennis exhibitions that even Wimbledon had ever seen.

It had everything—services and smashes of overwhelming power, ground shots so accurate

that they frequently kicked up the base-line chalk, stop volleys that time and again dropped the ball just over the net—all executed with the touch of an artist.

Over in 35 minutes, with Doris Hart the winner by 6-1 6-0.

An hour later, Doris Hart and Shirley Fry were back on the court to contest the Women's Doubles final against Louise Brough and Margaret Du Pont, Wimbledon champions for the past three years. American champions for the past nine, and acknowledged as the greatest ever women's doubles pair.

In twenty minutes, Doris Hart and Shirley Fry had won the first set 6-3. The reigning champions recovered in the second set and rushed to a 5-2 lead. But back came Doris Hart and Shirley Fry to win 11-9 and take the match.

So Doris Hart, the girl who had tried so hard and failed so gallantly, now had two Wimbledon titles.

Within a few minutes of gaining the second, she was back on the court and on her way to winning title No. 3, the mixed doubles, in partnership with Australian Frank Sedgman.

Great Favourite

Doris Hart was always a great favourite at Wimbledon. She sees tennis for what it is—a sport.

She never regards a doubtful decision by an umpire or linesman as a cause for argument or



DORIS HART

sulky moods. She will give an appreciative smile for a good shot by her opponent.

Miss Hart plays tennis as she has lived—calmly and courageously.

When she began to play in a public park, people stared at the twisted knee, the awkward gait.

Yet, had it not been for that knee trouble, Doris Hart might never have won at Wimbledon, might never, in fact, have become a tennis player.

From hitting a ball about the back garden with her brother, Doris soon "graduated" to the courts in the park adjoining her home in St. Louis—to the dismay of her doctors, who had advised her against strenuous exercise.

But tennis had already become a part of her life—a big part. By swinging a tennis racket, she had learned to enjoy herself like ordinary children. She could not give that up.

So Doris Hart kept at her tennis—and went on to that memorable Wimbledon of 1951.

World's Best Referee

Arthur Ellis has lost his title of world's best referee to "Tubby" Duch. This opinion, expressed by the majority of League referees and line-men gathered at Weston-super-Mare last weekend for their annual conference, will be endorsed by TV viewing millions who saw the German's complete control of England's ill-fated replay with Russia.

"If West Germany are not involved, Duch should be a cast iron certainty to be given charge of the World Cup final this Sunday," said Cup final referee Alf Bond.

HISTORIES OF THE CLUBS

Ended First Season With Two Shillings—70 Years Later Paid £30,000 For One Player

By TIM GORDON

In recent seasons, the Leicester City club has figured in the big-money transfer market....but there was a time when it counted its cash not in thousands of pounds but in pence and shillings.

A band of youngsters, most of whom were Old Wigglestonians, formed the club in 1884. They did it by putting ninepence each into the kitty to buy a football.

With the aid of a carpenter who was paid after a further ninepence—a man levy—the club managed to raise a rough set of goalposts.

All it needed was a name. Since most of the players lived in the west end of Leicester, in the neighbourhood of the old Roman fosse, the new football team called itself Leicester Fosse.

It is amusing in these days of astronomical transfer fees—City itself paid about £30,000 for one player, Andy Gray, in 1954—to recall that at the end of its first season Leicester Fosse had a credit balance of 1s. 10d. In 1888-89 the team had to move when its Beigrave pitch was taken over by Leicester Rugby Club, but the soccer side found a new ground at Victoria Park. In its first season the club played in the F.A. Cup competition and the following year entered the Midland League.

£600 In The Red

The 1890's were not so gay for Leicester Fosse. In 1894, the club was admitted to the second division of the Football League, but during the next few years it went up and down the division like a yo-yo.

In 1900-01, a bid to get into the first division cost the club so much it ended the season £600 in the red.

Leicester did win promotion to the first division in 1909 but could not stand the pace and went straight down again. The club had to wait until 1925 before it again won promotion. Then, it entered Division One under its new name of Leicester City.

The Leicester team has a habit of upsetting its fans just when it seems in for a good run. In 1928, City finished third to Everton in the first division and the following year was runner-up to Sheffield Wednesday. Season 1933-34, when it reached the semi-final of the Cup for the first time, was one of its best.

But after that period of success, the Leicester team slumped badly and in 1935 was relegated. In 1937, it fought its way back again, then, just before World War Two was re-legaled once more. That up-and-down pattern has been followed in the post-war years.

A dynamic Scot, Johnny Duncan, became manager and gathered around him a host of clever young players, among them Ken Chisholm, Don Revie and Mal Griffiths.

Duncan, who had been reared in the Alex. James school of football—he played alongside James when both were with Raith Rovers—decided that the

old style of cultured passing was the recipe for success.

In 1947-48 the team was in the running for promotion. The following season it almost slipped out of the second division into the third. Yet, incredibly, City reached the Cup Final that year, for the first time in the club's history. Wolves won the Cup 3-1, but it was a wonderful achievement for the Midland team to have reached Wembley.

New Stars

New stars like Johnny Morris and Jack Froggatt came to Leicester to link up with fine players like Derek Hogg and Arthur Rowley.

The new manager, Norman Bullock, started the football world by announcing that his players were being given oxygen at half-time to stimulate them. Arguments were started for and against the advisability of footballers taking whiffs of oxygen and how long the effects of the gas lasted, but in 1954 City won promotion—only to drop back yet again in the very next year.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Which jockey recently won the Derby for the fourth time?
2. Which country won the first Canada Cup golf tournament in 1953?
3. Who is the new British and Empire heavyweight boxing champion?
4. Which two tennis players have twice reached the Wimbledon men's singles final since the war but have never won the title?
5. What do sprinters Melvin Patton, James Golliday, Dave Sims and Bobby Morrow have in common?
6. Which sportsman has represented England at both cricket and rugby since the war?
7. With which sports do you associate these terms: (a) gooley, (b) home run, (c) Camacho field.
8. Who holds the Olympic record for: (a) 5,000 metres, (b) marathon, (c) 10,000 metres?
9. How many times has Sugar Ray Robinson won the world middleweight title?
10. "Stunted as caddy at age of eleven... professional at 17... biggest money maker in American tournaments in 1945-46-47... film of his life called Follow The Sun." What's the name?

(Answers on page 16)

In 1957, with another Scot, Davie Halliday, in charge the club fought its way back to the top drawer for the fifth time in its 70-odd years of history.

Is this the dawn of a great new era for the club which was founded on a ninepenny levy, or will Leicester City go down to the second division yet again?

SYDNEY IS ON HER WAY BACK

A Fine Example Of Perseverance



Striking out again for international form is 16-year-old swimmer SYDNEY REDWOOD of Walsall, seen in this new action picture during training at Blackpool baths.

A year ago, Sydney was on her way to becoming an automatic choice for England, for whom she swam three times.

Then last April, she fell ill with a throat ailment and was ordered by her doctor to stop training.

Recovered, she plunged into full training but tied for fifth place in the 110 yards freestyle final at the national trials and failed to make the England team for the Empire Games.

But since the trials she has recorded the fast time of 61.4 seconds for the 100 yards and every day at 7 a.m. she is training in Walsall under the supervision of her mother (the former Edna Hughes) who represented Great Britain in two Olympics.

Now she is hoping to do well enough in the Midland Championships at Derby and the National Championships at Blackpool in August to win back her place in the National team for the European Games in Budapest and perhaps, for the 1960 Olympic Games.—Reuter Photo.

No Time To Sit Says Drobny

When Jaroslav Drobny arrived for his 1954 Wimbledon singles final a ticket spy offered to sell him a seat. "No thanks, I won't have time to sit," said Drob.

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Got no beef

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CHERRY HEERING

... should have sent it by Pan American

CLIPPER CARGO

PROFESSIONALISM IN HONGKONG FOOTBALL

FIFA May Or May Not Start Investigation But When It Does

By I. M. MACTAVISH

The news earlier this week that the local Olympic Committee had decided to pass the question of professionalism in Hongkong football over to FIFA has set many people wondering, hoping and speculating.

Make no mistake about it. FIFA is a powerful organisation. It has shown very clearly in recent years that it is both willing to help and capable of handling complicated international problems tactfully. It has, however, also shown a readiness to deal ruthlessly with proved offenders and, so great is its influence, that its grip on the game is now rather frightening . . . but, as far as the innocent are concerned, reassuring.

Several attempts have been made in the years gone by to probe the allegations that our local players receive financial rewards. It is a thousand pities that some of the people who are now most actively engaged in forcing the issue to the surface did not show the same enthusiasm for the task when they had both the information and the official backing to make it effective.

One well-known local soccer official said to me the other evening that FIFA would fall in any investigation it saw fit to start in exactly the same way as other bodies have failed in the past. That is always a possibility, but what should not be overlooked is that the reverse is also a possibility and if that happens popularity, position, power and plenty will not save the situation.

Football folks in Britain spent years telling the world about the corruption in her football and assuring all and sundry that it would never be pinned down.

Bombshell

In spite of bitter allegations and acrimony it looked as though the gossip was right and then suddenly like a shot from the blue, came the Sunderland bombshell which shook English soccer to its very roots.

The penalties doled out to the guilty offenders on both the playing and administrative staff, and to the club as an organisation, are too well known to need repeating. The Leyton Orient case got the same publicity.

Next came news of similar happenings in Germany, France and Italy and folks began to realise that while you may fool some of the people all of the time it is most unlikely you can fool all of them all the time.

If FIFA decides to carry the present situation to its logical conclusion it will strip our football bare. In order to get the information it needs to confirm or refute the charges which have been made. If the punt is any indication of present practice FIFA will not delegate the inquiry to a local group but will appoint an international panel to do the probing.

It will be a panel with wide powers and with no other purpose than to get at the truth.

However, speculation at this stage is unreliable. We must leave developments . . . and their consequences . . . to the future.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Charlie Smirke.
2. Argentina.
3. Brian London.
4. Kurt Nielsen and Ken Rosewall.
5. All have run 100 yards in 9.3 sec.
6. Mike Smith.
7. (a) Cricket. (b) Baseball. (c) Cricket.
8. (a) Vladimir Kuts. (b) Emil Zátopek. (c) Vladimir Kuts.
9. Five.
10. Ben Hogan.

Last Saturday's Error

The sense of a large part of my article last Saturday was destroyed due to an unfortunate slip in the final preparation of the article for printing.

I know that some keen enthusiasts managed to piece it together and so re-established the original context.

The human error is always liable to happen. I only hope it didn't confuse you too much.

I. M. MACTAVISH.

referee can never be right. If he allows play to proceed his decision is a bad one; if he stops play it is also wrong: woe is me. I pity the referee!

Incidentally the whistler did not dispense every once on Wednesday. I'm told the Chinese players thought his judgment was excellent. Well, they might too for if ever a team was on a hiding to nothing it was the CAF side. Oh, and I would like to contradict a current rumour that the crowd was controlled by the Marine Police. It isn't true. Eastern Division were on the job as usual.

★ ★ ★

I have always believed that the entry of a team into a competition is an indication that it is willing to accept the rules which govern participation together with the rewards or consequences involved.

The attitude here towards promotion and relegation is a case where it would seem that some clubs regard both rules with diffidence and are prepared to oppose either if they should happen to qualify for elevation on the one hand or down grading on the other.

It is now being freely and openly discussed in the Colony that, quite apart from the fact that Hongkong Football Club is striving to move the big drop in the Second Division, some of the successful sides in the lower sections of the League are expressing a desire to remain where they are and not accept the promotion which their success has won for them.

Conflicting

Many conflicting principles are involved in decisions of this kind and it is difficult to generalise but roughly it means that other willing sides who have probably just been thwarted for promotion have lost a chance which they might never get again . . . while the unsuccessful sides in the higher sphere are released from the obligations of their failure.

The persistent rumour that one of the successful Second Division teams will not accept promotion has aroused a certain amount of hostility in some sections of the community and officials of other Second Division clubs have expressed dissatisfaction with such a decision if, in fact, such a decision has been made.

A Real Grouse

The only people with a real grouse were the players who had been required to battle their way through a gruelling first half for nothing . . . and of the two competing teams, the HKFA eleven were further entitled to have bitter feelings as they had done an excellent job in establishing a two-goal lead.

I am all for sentiment as long as it does not influence normal judgment and I tip the MacTavish topper to the man with the whistle who had the courage to call a halt when he must have been well aware that he would bring at least one side of the house down about his head.

The willingness or desire of players to play on was not really a criterion and, while their enthusiasm earns nothing but appreciation, it was right that it should not be allowed to interfere with the referee's judgment as to when the count and when he could not administer the laws of the game as they ought to be administered.

On Wednesday night many of the vital lines on the pitch were completely lost under a layer of muddy water several inches deep. In such conditions the referee's decisions would have been reduced to guess work and no trophy, and certainly not one as important as the Governor's Cup, should be won, or lost, on that.

Pity The Referee

I don't think it matters two hoots that other games have been played in worse conditions either here or elsewhere. There were two local outbursts in the recent past when referees allowed play to proceed in conditions which resulted in damage to the playing surface. The cry then was that it should not be allowed to happen again. It seems that the

★ ★ ★

The hullabaloo which greeted the referee's decision to abandon Wednesday's Governors' Cup Final at half-time took a lot of understanding. Only soccer

Where Should The 1962 Empire Games Be Held?

Where should the VIIIth British Empire and Commonwealth Games be held in 1962?

This is the chief question to be answered when the Games Federation meets in full session at Cardiff in July. It may not be solved so easily as in 1954 when Wales was allocated the Games by a unanimous vote.

So far, the Games have been held in Canada (twice), England, Australia and New Zealand. This time the strongest claim to be the host country is likely to come from Australia. In 1938, the Games were held at Sydney. It is learnt that both Perth and Adelaide wish to have the honour.

INDIA?

India, who has taken part in the Games since 1934, may also stake a claim. But she will have to give evidence that there will be satisfactory facilities and financial backing for such a project.

Here the Indians may run into difficulty. Although India has a huge population, comparatively few people take part in sport because of religious and social barriers.

NIGERIA?

Nigeria also hopes to stage the Games in the future. The Federal Government has been asked to provide £1,330,000 to build a national stadium in Lagos.

This project is being promoted by the National Stadium Board, which has presented detailed plans for a stadium suitable for holding the Empire Games.

SCOTLAND?

Scotland also wants the Games in that year. A Scottish committee is studying the preparations being made in Cardiff with a view to staging the Games in Edinburgh in eight years' time.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Stanley Shield, Seven-A-Side Tournament, HKFC, 8 p.m.
Cricket
University of Malaya v HKCU
Alumni XI, Pokfulam, 2 p.m.
Bowls
1st Division: CCC v KCC, HKC v KCC, KCC v KCC, KCC v KCC
2nd Division: FC v FC, FC v FC, FC v FC, FC v FC
3rd Division: CCC v KCC, KCC v KCC, KCC v KCC, KCC v KCC
4th Division: FC v FC, FC v FC, FC v FC, FC v FC

WORLD OF SPORT

MOTOR RACING GETS A SHOT IN THE ARM IN THE FORM OF A RUSSIAN ENTRY

By DEREK JOHN

At the crucial moment motor racing gets a shot in the arm—in the form of a Russian entry in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza in September.

This will be the first time the Russians have competed in international motor racing.

With works-sponsored entries on the decline, motor racing is crying out for new blood. For though the supply of works teams is short, the demand continues to grow as more and more fans are attracted to this exciting sport.

How good are the Russian cars? Says Joe Bacigalupo, of the Italian Automobile Club, "I hear they have made Sputnik-like progress with their new Grand Prix cars."

This Italian Grand Prix entry is a preliminary for Russia's all-out assault next year on the world's top motoring prizes. They will compete in a series of international races.

After the international meeting at Silverstone last month, Mr Leonid Afanassiev, Russia's motor-racing boss, said he would bring his sports and racing models to Silverstone next year.—London Express.

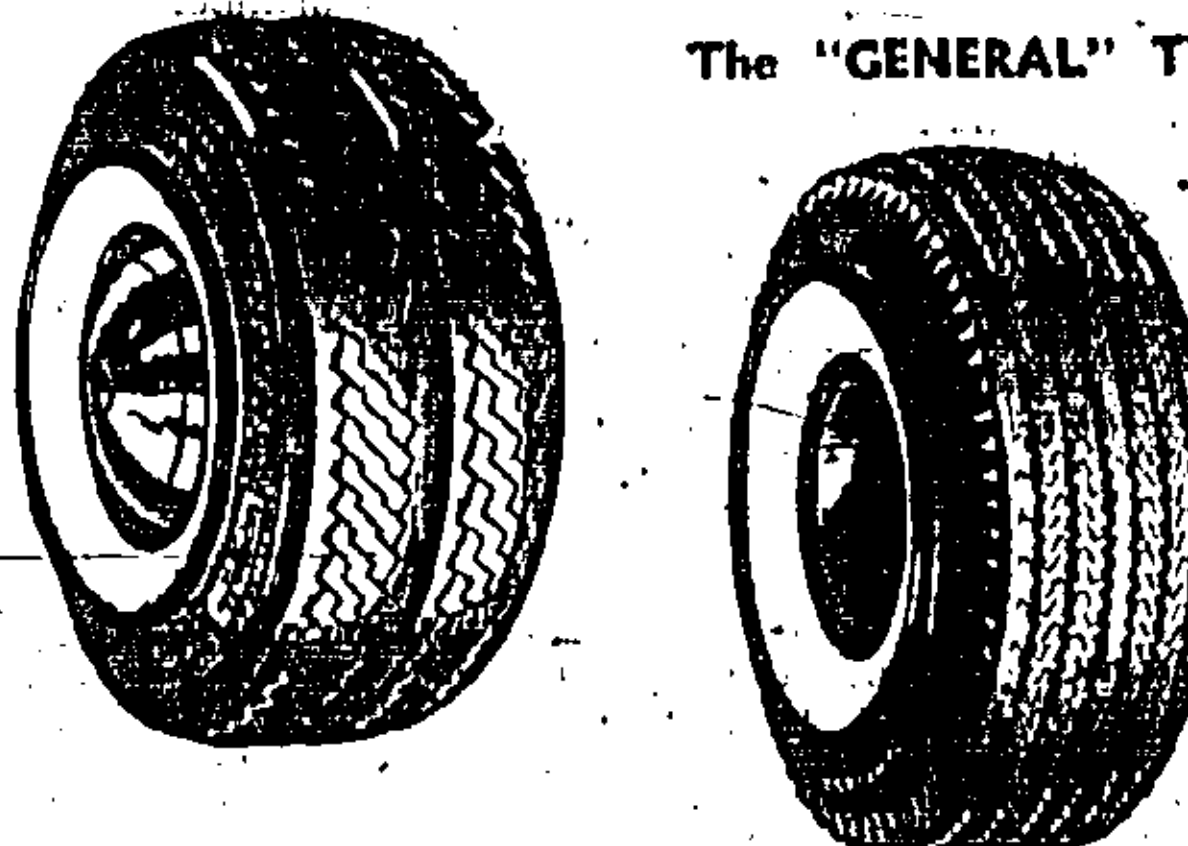


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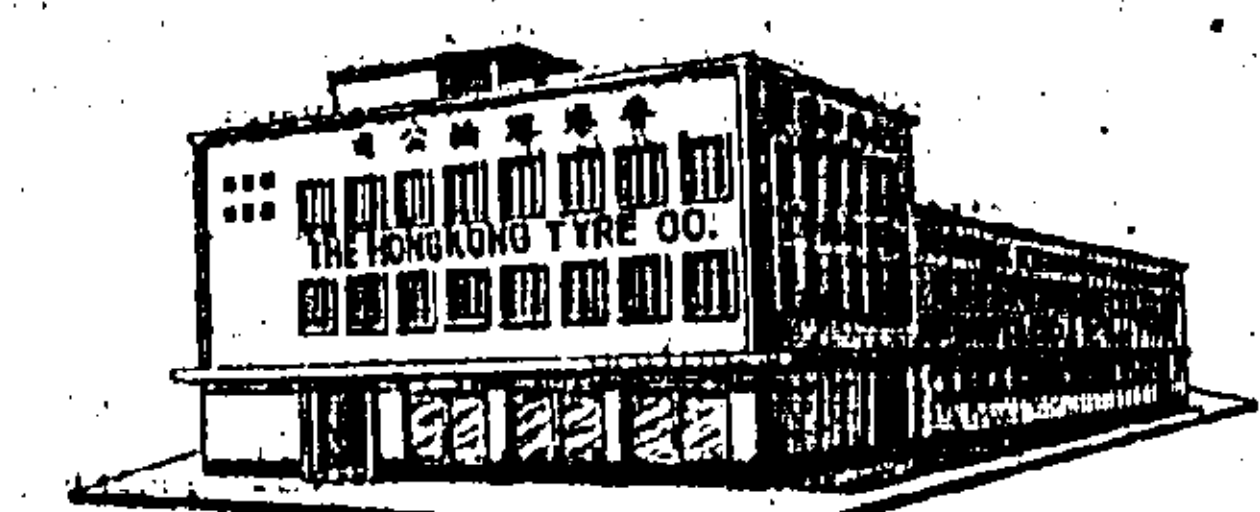
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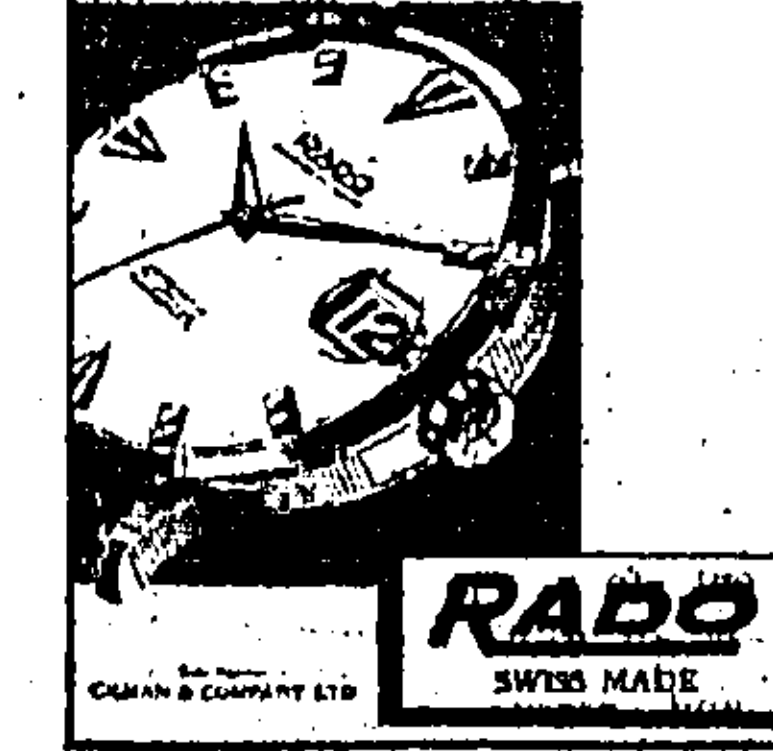
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